Frontispiece to Vol. 23.

Scott. sc.

Carlo.

Sir Jojee Rayal. 1817

Third of the Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 23.

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Wild Boar.

London.

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1804

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

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MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

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MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ghost of Glider is received, and shall appear in our next.

Several other Communications have been received, which will be duly attended to in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Gainsborough pinx. Scott sculp.

At Fault.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

AT FAULT.

THE Copperplate given this month, is one of the set promised. The design is from the pencil of the Younger Sartorius; and the engraving by Mr. Scott. Having already said as much as may be necessary, we have only to produce two more plates, to complete the series of prints on the subject of Fox-Hunting.

SPECIMEN OF SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

A. B. was born in the year—no matter what: his parents were—no matter who: he had a pleasant chubby countenance, frisked about in his nurse's arms, said as when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be—*a sweet baby*.

After this, he began to walk alone; went from one end of the room to the other; spoke *pa* and *ma*, and several other words, distinctly; and looked so charming, that every body declared he was—*a pretty boy*.

He was now sent to school, where he learned his letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a lesson in the spelling-book, and repeat it to his papa and mamma by heart, on condition of receiving a slice of plumb-cake; and was always desired to walk in and be admired by the company, who agreed that he was—*a charming child*.

In his progress, by listening to the conversation of those about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phrases in common speech; which he delivered with such a pleasing accent, and unblushing countenance, that he universally acquired the character of—*a wonderful boy for his years*.

He was now sent to a superior school, and began to study Latin, arithmetic, &c. Here he equalled at least, if not excelled, his fellow scholars in his proficiency in learning, as well as at cricket, marbles, tops, &c.; and played so many droll tricks at the expence of his ushers and school-fellows, that they

had no scruple in pronouncing him —*a clever lad.*

He was next sent to college, where he out-did all his competitors in the midnight frolic; played an excellent hand at whist; learned to drink his bottle; and was so pleasant in singing a catch or a glee, that they all agreed in bestowing upon him, the epithet of—*a promising fellow.*

Here, too, he distinguished himself in certain amours, rather of the expensive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bed-maker, or his laundress's daughter. When his acquaintances heard of his gallantries, they cried out in extacy, that he was—*a wild dog.*

His term being over, he was sent to London, and placed in one of the inns of court, as the proper place to study law, and see the world. Here he formed a new set of acquaintances, with whom he eat, drank, and gamed. He was the life and soul of his company; for he knew more, and had more ready money, as well as wit, than any of them; and the sly old benchers of the inns, shook their heads, and declared he was—*a fine dashing fellow.*

In his anxiety to see the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St. James's, to the cellars in St. Giles's; and made such droll remarks on what he saw, and seemed to enter so heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although some thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—*a queer dog, and no fool.*

He now began to dress in style, dine in style, give dinners in style, and keep women in style. He was a great man at the coffee-houses; in the box-lobbies of the theatres his person was an object, his opinion a law; and from his many transactions of public notoriety, people began to consider him as —*a man of the world.*

In the process of time, he learned to judge of horse-flesh; frequented the races; betted considerably; and won large sums. Lords now shook hands with him, and grave senators asked his opinion, not on state, but stable affairs; and he was known in the Turf Coffee-house, as one of the fraternity. In a word, he was considered to be—*a knowing one.*

But, somehow or other, his fortune, which had for some time been in own his hands, began to decrease; he was less successful in his bets; his bills remained unpaid for months; tradesmen began to be clamorous; money must be had; and to get it, he ventured to *lay a plant*, slip a card, cog a die, and practice many schemes which the world does not approve of, nor think quite consistent with honesty; and, became —*a complete black-leg.*

Amidst all this, he never was an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, but pursued his amours with inconstant constancy; and, with the advantages of a good person, some art, and more assurance, he was set down for—*a devil among the women.*

By degrees, however, he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to sell the remainder of what he possessed, buy an annuity, and retire from public business, and life. In managing this matter, he made so good a bargain, that even the Jews shook their heads, stroked their beards, and swore—*Ash Got's my judge, he is no Chreshtian!*

After this, he enjoyed himself to a pretty advanced age; having gone through, beside the characters above mentioned, several others, such as, an odd fellow, buck, heart, cock, pleasant dog, &c. At length, his whole course being run, he died at his

his lodgings, at a hair-dresser's in Chancery Lane, leaving his moveable and personal effects to an old woman who swept his room, made his bed, and tucked him up; which occasioned people to say—*he was still the old man.*

There was not enough left, however, to bury him, and the parish took this expence off the shoulders of his wealthy old friends, who signified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation, "Poor devil! What! is he dead!—well, I knew him once—*a fine fellow!*"

Oct. 11th. J. J. B.

A WALKING MATCH.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON of the 35th regiment, and aid-de-camp to General Lennox, betted a considerable wager on the 11th instant, that, though in no training, he would walk to Westminster Bridge, and back, 107 miles, in 48 hours, starting the next morning. The following is the account of his journey.

Started at half past one o'clock, P. M. and got to

	Miles.	Hours.
Crawley	23	6
Halted		$1\frac{1}{2}$
Ryegate	10	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Halted		$\frac{1}{2}$
Sutton	10	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Halted		$\frac{1}{4}$
Westminster Bridge	$10\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Halted		1
Sutton	$10\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Halted		3
Ryegate	10	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Halted		$\frac{1}{2}$
Crawley	10	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Halted		$\frac{1}{2}$
Cuckfield	9	$2\frac{1}{2}$
	93	$31\frac{3}{4}$

This pedestrian was then 14 miles from Brighton, having $15\frac{1}{2}$ hours to perform it. Being unwilling to win by much, instead of proceeding, he eat heartily for the second time, drank his bottle of port, and retired to bed. He recommenced his journey the following morning, and arrived at Patcham, 10 miles, where Mr. Payne had prepared an excellent repast. Captain Robertson remained with this gentleman for three hours, admiring the beauties of the gardens, &c.; after which, he walked his last four miles, as he had done all the rest of his journey, except Ryegate Hill, in an hour; winning his bet by two hours.

He was attended by considerable crowds of both men and women; the latter of whom were much pleased with his light, and graceful, though muscular figure.

I have thought the above worthy a place in your excellent publication, and therefore trouble you with it.

An Admirer of Activity.

Brighton, Sept. 14. 1803.

BOXING.

JEMMY FROM TOWN & HOPPING MORGAN.

ON Monday morning, September 26, Jemmy from Town, a hackney coachman, and Hopping Morgan, lately of the same profession, two well-known pugilists among the *gemmen of the whip*, agreed to fight a pitched battle for twenty guineas. The parties met at the Elephant and Castle, about ten o'clock, accompanied by most of the noted bruisers of the day, and

and a number of hackney coachmen, and other amateurs.

The battle was intended to be fought in Lock's Fields, not far from the Obelisk, but fearing interruption from the police officers, the combatants retired to Kennington Common, where they arrived a little after eleven o'clock.

The ring was immediately formed, and, without much ceremony, the two *whips* went full *drive* at it.

Hopping Morgan took the *lead* at *starting*, and by a well-directed blow, *cut* his antagonist's lip in a severe manner. He however did not fall, till a long struggle after closing. The ten following rounds were well contested, and fought on both sides with determined spirit and resolution, during which, Jemmy from Town made several grand *pushes* to get the *whip hand* of his adversary, but was always *behind*, till the 11th round, when the odds changed in his favour.

The battle lasted twenty-six rounds, during the last fifteen of which Morgan had seldom the advantage, though it was evident he was the most scientific boxer. This was owing partly to his having sprained his hand in the conflict, and partly to his being lame in the leg, owing to which, he was prevented from following up an advantage he had gained, or retreating quick from a blow that he could not stop.

The last round was by far the most severe, and had nearly proved fatal to Morgan: he received a blow in his stomach, which deprived him of speech for some time, and compelled him reluctantly to give in.

Jemmy from Town's seconds were Caleb Baldwin, and George Maddox. Hopping Morgan's were, Seabrook the dustman, and a bricklayer.

CALEB BALDWIN & O'DONNEL.

FRIDAY, October 21, might be considered a grand field-day among the boxing corps. There was scarce a pugilist or an amateur who did not muster at Wimbledon Common, to witness several pitched battles which have been for some time pending. As great apprehension was entertained that they would be put a stop to by the police, the utmost caution was observed to keep the business secret. Accordingly, in the morning, it was resolved that both amateurs and pugilists should meet in different quarters of the town, and proceed to the ground by different routes, as the surest mode of avoiding suspicion At twelve o'clock, the whole cavalcade reached the spot, consisting of hackney-coaches, gigs, post-chaises, carts of every description, besides some hundreds of pedestrians.

The bill of fare on this occasion promised one of the richest treats to the amateurs of pugilism, that could possibly be expected in the present day. Caleb Baldwin, and John O'Donnel, the young Irishman who has performed such wonders, were engaged to fight for a purse of L.50. The former had fought upwards of twenty pitched battles, and never had been beat; and O'Donnel had come off conqueror in every combat he had been engaged in, and was the more esteemed, because he was the only one who had adopted Belcher's mode of fighting. At half past twelve o'clock, the ring was formed with great facility, in which O'Donnel appeared first, and was soon followed by Caleb; who having exhibited so often in public, seemed not in the least daunted. At setting to, Baldwin was the favourite, and the

the odds in his favour were about six to four.

First Round—O'Donnel made the first hit, and placed a blow in his antagonist's side, which was returned both right and left by Caleb, who, closing, threw O'Donnel; which finished the first round.

Second Round—Caleb stuck to his opponent, who now fought shy, and retreated, at the same time defending and stopping several blows aimed at his body. By this it was supposed O'Donnel was trying to wind Caleb, by making him follow him all round the ring. Baldwin, however, did not fall off in his blows; having driven O'Donnel among the people keeping the ring, he put in a severe blow in his body, and knocked him down.

Third Round—On coming up, O'Donnel appeared sick from the last fall, which Caleb perceiving, followed him close, not allowing him to breathe. O'Donnel tried to get away, but failing in that, closed, and was thrown by Caleb. Odds, four to one.

Fourth Round—O'Donnel seemed recovered, came up better, and fought stronger; made several good blows, cut Caleb over the right eye, and, on closing, threw him for the first time. A trifling alteration in the odds.

Fifth Round—A well-fought round on both sides. The sun was troublesome, and O'Donnel tried hard to get the shady side, which his opponent's superior skill prevented him from doing. Several severe straight-forward blows took place on both sides, one of which, given by O'Donnel, knocked his opponent down, and gave his friends hopes of success.

Sixth Round—O'Donnel, in great spirits, smiled; Caleb made several blows tell. A severe hit from O'Donnel made Caleb stagger. On recovering, he made a rush, and knocked O'Donnel down.

Seventh Round—This was a fatal round for O'Donnel, who set to in great spirits, and displayed great courage and science. Caleb made several feints, which were mistaken for weakness. The odds fell back to even betting, when Caleb caught his opponent off his guard, and placed a blow in his kidnies, which had a visible effect on him. Caleb then closed and threw him.

Eighth Round—O'Donnel could not get rid of the effects of the last round, but attempted to stand up; he seemed weak. Caleb was as full of fight as ever, and not willing to lose the advantage, followed up his opponent, when many severe blows were given to O'Donnel. At the conclusion of the round, Caleb gave him a violent cross-buttock, which decided the contest. O'Donnel was led off the ground exceedingly weak from the kidney-blow and the last fall, and placed in a hackney-coach, where he was left by his friends for two hours, without any assistance, while the conqueror was placed upon the shoulders of the mob, and carried round the ground in triumph.

Caleb Baldwin was about 8lb. heavier than O'Donnel, but was several years older, which circumstance was supposed to place them upon an equality. Had O'Donnel not received the violent blow on his kidnies, he would not have been beat so soon, as it was apparent that he was reserving his strength and skill for a long and desperate battle.

Immediately after, a SECOND BATTLE was Fought, between

BLUE BREECHES & BUNG.

THIS was perhaps the most extraordinary battle that has been recorded in the annals of pugilism.

gilism. The combatants did not perhaps display all that skill and science which has been exhibited by the Mendozas, Belchers, and Baldwins of the day; but they certainly evinced a courage that could not be surpassed by the bravest of them all. The name of one of the combatants is Beckley, alias Blue Breeches; and that of the other, Clarke, alias Bung. They set to a little after one o'clock.

First Round—Very short; Beckley run at Clarke without keeping any ground, missed his blow, and was hit down by his antagonist.—A loud laugh.

Second Round—They both fought round; no science displayed, but several severe blows given on each side; Beckley thrown.

Third and Fourth Rounds—Both fell together.

Fifth Round—Straight forward hard fighting. Beckley made good a violent blow on his opponent's nose, which bled much, and he fell.

Sixth Round—Beckley received a blow on the mouth, and gave his antagonist one in return. There was no stopping but with the head or body. The battle seemed to depend on the best bottom and hardest hitting. Skill was out of the question. Beckley had the worst of this round.

Seventh Round—Beckley rallied again, and knocked down his opponent.

Eighth Round—Hard hitting this round; they hit each other alternately; neither could see for blood. Beckley supposed to have the worst of it.

Ninth Round—Both began to be more on their guard, and attempted to stop each others blows. Clarke put in a blow that puffed up his opponent's eye.

The Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Rounds were fought with desperation on both sides; at the end of which, it was hard to say who had the advantage.

Thirteenth Round—Great bottom evinced by both the combatants; each fought right and left as long as they could, and then fell together.

Fourteenth Round—Beckley appeared sick and weak, but would not give it in. Clarke was now sure of the contest, therefore pointed his finger to his antagonist, and laughed at him.

Fifteenth Round—Beckley, on setting to, slipped down, but sprung up and knocked down his man.

From the 15th to the 21st round, was a continuation of severe hard fighting, when Clarke had generally the advantage.

From the 21st round to the 27th, Beckley began visibly to gather strength, and when he hit his opponent, the blow did great execution, as he swung his arms round his head like a sledge hammer, which had the same effect in bringing his opponent to the ground.

From the 27th to the 34th round, the battle became again even—a great deal of betting took place without odds. Both being so completely cut, from the want of skill to parry each others blows, that it was supposed they would faint with loss of blood; instead of which, both seemed to gather fresh vigour every round.

From the 34th to the 40th round, both the combatants fought with such strength and determined resolution, that astonished the amateurs at the proofs of bottom they had given, inasmuch, that several were heard to exclaim, that they were equal to game cocks. Here the spectators interfered and separated them, declaring they had never witnessed the like. On their being forced from each other, they were heard to say, they would meet some morning early, and have it out. This severe conflict lasted fifty minutes.

GENERAL

GENERAL COURT MARTIAL.

THE following copy of a letter from the Judge Advocate General, with the opinion and sentence of the general court martial to which it refers, has, by order of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, been read at the head of every regiment in the service, and entered in all the regimental orderly books belonging thereto.

Judge Advocate General's Office.

SIR, *June* 24, 1803.

I have had the honour of laying before the king, the proceedings of a general court martial, held at Gibraltar, on the 20th day of April last, for the trial of Lieutenant and Adjutant Alex. Grant Carmichael, of the 25th regiment of foot, the charge against whom, together with the opinion and adjudication of the court, is hereunto subjoined; and am commanded to acquaint you, that his Majesty has thought fit to confirm the sentence of the court martial, whereby the said Lieutenant and Adjutant Alex. Grant Carmichael, is adjudged to be dismissed his Majesty's service. I have to request that you will be pleased to favour me with a communication of the day on which his Majesty's pleasure shall have been notified to Lieutenant and Adjutant Carmichael, that I may acquaint the Secretary at War therewith, as from that day his pay will cease.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

CHARLES MORGAN.

Lieut. General Sir Thos. Trigge, K. B. or Officer Commanding in Chief the Town and Garrison of Gibraltar.

The following is the charge exhibited against Lieutenant and Adjutant Alex. Grant Carmichael, of the 25th regiment of foot, at a general court martial held at Gibraltar, on the 20th of April, 1803, together with the opinion and sentence of the said court martial:

Behaving in a scandalous, infamous manner, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, on the night of the 15th day of April, 1803, in the garrison of Gibraltar, by outrageously disturbing a private company, where he was present as a guest; by using obscene language to Quarter-master Charles West, of the same regiment, and striking him in the face as he sat at supper; and by afterwards way-laying and attacking the said Quarter-master Charles West, as he was returning home, about the hour of eleven o'clock at night, unarmed, and with his wife leaning on his arm, and his two daughters walking by his side, and beating him violently with a stick, in the presence, and to the great terror and alarm, of his wife and daughters.

The court having weighed the evidence given in support of the charge against the prisoner, together with that produced in his defence, are of opinion, that although the fact of way-laying the prosecutor is not proved, neither that the prosecutor was unarmed, as he appears to have had his sword on, yet that the remaining facts specified in the charge are proved, and are sufficient to support the same; the court does therefore find the prisoner guilty of the charge against him, in breach of the articles of war, and does therefore sentence him, the said Alexander Grant Carmichael, Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 25th regiment of foot, to be dismissed from his Majesty's service.

UPON HORSES LYING UPON HARD BOARDS.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your Number for June last—if I misremember not—there was an account of a proposal said to be under consideration of his R. H. the Duke of York, for a trial to be made of the plan of lodging our horses upon the bare boards, as a measure of great propriety, use, and economy, and constantly practised in Sweden and Denmark. I trust, this has arisen from some vague and premature report; and that his Royal Highness possesses both more experience as a sportsman, and more humanity, to think of making an experiment of that, which, *prima faciæ*, must appear to every practical man perfectly ridiculous. Mr. John Lawrence, in his treatise, has already exposed this scheme of economy; but, as his work may not be in the hands of all your readers, I beg leave to add a few observations to those which he has made.

Are we then, in spite of every humane, and indeed interested idea, the subject fairly considered, to conform to the wretched shifts of miserable and barren countries? Must we not also, pursuing the dictates of a supposed economy, hoard up the leaves and bark of trees, and the roots of couch grass, to feed our poor? No: every idea that ought to have place in the breast of man forbids it—let them, who labour to provide, taste of the fat of the land. Let also those noble animals, next, in every sense, to the human, have their share of the blessings of nature, to provide which, they cheerfully labour through life. Let the faint and wearied horse have a soft bed whereon to repose his stiffened limbs; for which, surely, obdurate oaken planks, hard as the hearts of their provider, are a cruel substitute. Nor is the fodder, thus indispensably used, by any means thrown away; it becomes the best of manure, and the richest source of re-production. Common sense, analogy, fellow feeling, must convince every man, that lodging a horse upon bare boards must cramp and stiffen his limbs, even if they are not so already from labour. In severe weather it makes them liable to colds, rheumatism, and grease; brings numbness upon the feet; and is particularly injurious to those horses which are difficult to lie down, even on the best bed—such will stand perpetually upon boards. Indeed, I have known a horse of this description refuse to lie down on a hard bed throughout a whole winter.

You may easily inform yourselves, Gentlemen, that this execrable piece of pretended economy is no more a novelty here, unhappily, than most of the wonderful discoveries of our fashionable veterinarians, as, I think, they call themselves; for I have been accustomed to see horses, for more than twenty years past, miserably put to bed, without litter, by some mean spirited horse-keepers of the metropolis, with fortunes as great as their hearts were little. The consequence of which has invariably been, their carriages were drawn by dog-horses, and nobody profited by the measure but the farrier and horse dealer. Now, I conceive, good even-laid Dutch clinkers are full as soft, and warmer than oaken planks. Let me add, that I hope, and indeed am convinced, that few or none, at this time of day, not even the gentlemen in that noble concern, the brewery, will degrade themselves, and their high fortunes, with such a despicable and impotent attempt at economy.

With every sentiment of duty and

and respect, I humbly beg leave, through the channel of your celebrated Magazine, to offer these remarks to the attention of his Royal Highness the Duke, our illustrious Commander in Chief; as I am apprized, that the Magazine has long enjoyed the high honour of a general invitation into his Royal Highness's circle.

A JOCKEY.

Bury St. Edmund's, August 20.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Origin, Principles, and Policy, of the Game Laws.

From Daniel's Rural Sports, Vol. 1st, Page 205.

THE Game Laws were introduced amongst us at an era when property was not governed, either in the use or in the possession, by those enlightened maxims of justice which at present secure it. The aristocratic orders of that period consulted their own amusement and pleasure, without any very scrupulous regard to the rights, or very provident care for the comforts of the least opulent, but not least valuable classes of the community. They were strong, and they were not willing to weaken the foundation of their power, by a relaxation of their privileges Their pride made them averse from sharing with the commonalty an amusement, which, by a small stretch of power, they might appropriate to themselves. The exercise of hunting, and the pursuit of the various sorts of game, partaking somewhat of that spirit of enterprize in which they delighted, were recreations of all others congenial to their taste; it is not therefore wonderful that they should contrive to debar the lower orders from their participation.

It is admitted by Sir W. Blackstone, treating on this subject, that "by the law of nature, every man, from the prince to the peasant, has an equal right of pursuing and taking to his own use, all such creatures as are *feræ naturæ.*" B. L. Com. vol. 3. p. 411. This truth is granted as incontestible. "But," he adds, "it follows from the very end and constitution of society, that this natural right, as well as many others belonging to man as an individual, may be restrained by positive laws, enacted for reasons of state, or for the supposed benefit of the community." When the public welfare in any instance obviously demands that the natural right of an individual should be controlled in its exercise by regulations established by law, the justice of such regulations is indisputable; but surely nothing but reasons of manifest good policy, and the actual benefit of the state, can justify such restrictions. If they may be abridged or withheld, as the learned writer here affirms they may, for reasons of state, and the supposed benefit of the community, we hold them by a tenure of very uncertain duration. Nothing can be more vague than the terms on which we must submit, if not to their absolute surrender, at least to an indefinite encroachment upon them.

It may be worth while separately to investigate the solidity of the reasons assigned by Sir W. Blackstone, as introductive of the game laws, previously to the examination of the basis of his doctrine respecting them. "Many reasons," says he, "have concurred for making these constitutions: as 1. For the encouragement of agriculture and improvement of lands, by giving every man an ex[...]ive d[...] nion over his

in the passage immediately preceding, that the municipal laws, in virtue of their authority to restrain our natural rights, "have invested the prerogative of hunting and taking such animals, as are usually the object of pursuit, in the sovereign of the state only, and such as he shall authorize." How the restriction of a natural right to kill such animals on his own grounds, or permissively on those of another; how the forbidding a freeholder, of less than one hundred pounds a year, to kill a partridge upon his own estate, gives every man an exclusive dominion over his own soil—is not easily comprehended. It is certainly not so obviously beneficial in this way, as to promote the encouragement of agriculture, and the improvement of lands.

"2. For preservation of the several species of these animals, which would soon be extirpated by a general liberty. 3. For the prevention of idleness and dissipation in husbandmen, artificers, and others of lower rank, which would be the unavoidable consequence of universal licence." These reasons destroy each other. It is evident to reflection, that without any restrictive law upon the subject, the evil would have cured itself. It is admitted, that game would soon be extirpated by a general licence; of course all idleness and dissipation arising from this cause must end with the cause itself, and would require no law for its prevention.

The last reason assigned, and which is said to be a reason oftener meant than avowed by the makers of forest or game laws, is, "the prevention of popular insurrections and resistance to government, by disarming the bulk of the people." That they were actuated by this motive is an opinion which [illegible] history of the temper and man-[illegible] will hardly allow us to admit. Hawks were at this time chiefly used to kill birds; military weapons do not seem to have been much used in the pursuit of game. It is observable too, that in the preamble of the stat. 13 Ric. 2. the first qualification statute which we meet with relating to game, it is expressly said, that "forasmuch as divers artificers, &c. keep greyhounds and other dogs," and enacts that no person unless qualified, as there required, shall from thenceforth "keep any greyhound, hound, or other dog to hunt, nor shall they use ferrets, hays, nets, harepipes, nor cords, nor other engines to take or destroy deer." We have here no mention of any instruments likely to be very serviceable in the hands of sedition; nor were the government in those days so extremely tender of the liberties of the people, as to take this indirect method of disarming them, and of relieving itself from the apprehensions of revolt. The habits, whatever they were, acquired in the pursuit of game, could not much contribute to initiate the peasantry in the rudiments of military science.

As the doctrine of the learned commentator concerning game, and the maxims which he has laid down respecting it, differ very considerably from the general spirit of his reasoning respecting property, and the modes of acquiring it, we shall proceed to examine its validity. The position advanced, and very emphatically enforced in such parts of his work as lead him to the discussion of the subject, is, that the sole right of taking and destroying game belongs exclusively to the king. "It is true," says he, "that by the acquiescence of the crown, the frequent grant of free warren in ancient times, and the introduction of new penalties, this exclusive prerogative of the king is little known or considered; every man that is exempted

exempted from these modern penalties, looking upon himself as at liberty to do what he pleases with the game; whereas the contrary is strictly true, that no man, however well qualified he may vulgarly be esteemed, has a right to encroach on the royal prerogative, unless he can shew a particular grant of free warren, or a prescription, which presumes a grant, or some authority under an act of parliament." "The truth of the matter is, that these game laws do indeed qualify nobody, except in the instance of a gamekeeper, to kill game; but only to save the trouble and formal process of an action by the person injured, who perhaps too might remit the offence, the statutes inflict additional penalties, to be recovered either in a regular or summary way, by any of the king's subjects, from certain persons of an inferior rank, who may be found offending in this particular; but it does not follow that persons excused from these additional penalties, are therefore authorized to kill game. The circumstance of having one hundred pounds per annum, and the rest, are not properly qualifications, but exemptions*." The conclusions deducible from this reasoning are, 1. That no person, except a gamekeeper, whatever be his rank or estate—unless he have a grant of free warren—is authorized to kill game. 2. That every such person so killing game, is an offender against the common law, and is punishable as such, his estate and degree relieving him only against the additional penalties levied on offenders of inferior rank. 3. That no lord of a manor—not having a grant of free warren—of whatever condition of life, or whatever the extent of his landed or personal property, can lawfully kill game, he having no authority so to do by the common or statute law; and having no other right over or respecting game, on his manor or elsewhere, than that conferred on him by 5 Ann. c. 14. which empowers lords and ladies of manors to appoint game-keepers to kill game for their use. 4. That there is no such thing as a qualification to kill game.

These inferences being so manifestly comprehended in this learned writer's positions, and being at the same time of such extreme importance, deserved, certainly, that the legal foundations on which these positions rest, should have been most clearly and most conspicuously shewn. On a subject of such extensive interest, and on which principles are advanced so opposite to all received opinions, one should have expected that the reasoning would have received, if not all the illustration which history and law could furnish, at least so much of attestation from constitutional records, and of support from legal decisions, as might silence our doubts and enforce our acquiescence: but this doctrine offers itself to our minds without warrant or authority; it comes upon us in all the nakedness of individual assertion. We shall proceed then to inquire, in the first place, whether it is corroborated either by the statute or common law; and, secondly, whether it is at all reconcileable to assertions elsewhere advanced by the learned writer himself.

In the statute of 13 Rich. 2. c. 13. before cited, the first qualification act respecting game, we find it enacted, "that no manner of artificer, labourer, or any other layman, which hath not lands or tenements to the value of ten shillings by the year, nor any priest nor other

* Bl. Com. v. 2. p. 417, 418.

clerk,

clerk, if he be not advanced to the value of ten pounds by the year, shall have or keep from henceforth any greyhound, hound, nor other dog to hunt, nor shall use ferrets, hays, nets, &c. to take or destroy deers, hares, nor conies, nor other gentlemens' game, upon pain of one year's imprisonment." By the term gentlemens' game, must be understood the game which gentlemen, as distinguished from the classes of persons described in the statute, were usually accustomed to hunt; and this general usage we may well presume they enjoyed without any interruption: indeed, it is impliedly admitted by the statute itself; it being a known rule in the exposition of acts of parliament, that a statute which begins with a prohibition to inferior persons, does not extend to persons of superior degree. No complaint besides is made in the preamble of this statute of any encroachment on the king's prerogative, nor is this any where alluded to as an offence to be suppressed; it is not on any such ground that the evil complained of is prohibited. When a statute expressly limits its enactments to particular descriptions of persons therein named; when, like the present act, it says, no person that hath not a revenue to a certain amount shall kill game, it may fairly be collected, that any one whom the description does not include, and who hath a revenue to that amount, is a person who may continue the usage, or commit the act forbidden only to those to whom the statute extends. The act of 13 Ric. 2. may therefore be considered as a recognition of a right to hunt and kill game in all persons to whom it does not expressly extend; and who in the enjoyment of such right, do not come within the evil meant to be remedied.

The next statute upon this subject, is the 11 Hen. 7. c. 17. The preamble of which is as follows: "Forasmuch as divers persons having little substance to live upon, use many times as well by nets, snares, or other engines, to take and destroy pheasants and partridges upon the lordships, manors, lands and tenements, of divers owners or possessioners of the same, without licence, consent, or agreement of the same owners or possessioners, by the which the same owners and possessioners leese not only their pleasure and disport that they their friends and servants shall have about hawking, hunting, and taking the same, but also they leese the profit, and avail, that by that occasion should grow to their household, to the great hurt of all lords and gentlemen, and other having any great livelihood within this realm. Wherefore," &c.

We cannot but remark, that it is here the direct purpose of the statute to secure to the lord of the manor, and the owners and possessors of estates, their natural right to follow and destroy game, and to punish the intrusion of needy and dissolute persons, by whom the pheasants and partridges on their grounds were ensnared. It is manifest that the lawfulness of the general usage of the different lords and landholders, to pursue and destroy game, had never been called in question; and that it was universally considered as a common law right, the validity of which no one disputed. We find too that the possessors and owners of estates might authorise persons, of whatever condition, to pursue and destroy pheasants and patridges on their respective domains; for the permission required by the statute is not that of the king, as supposing an invasion of his exclusive prerogative, but "the licence, consent, and agreement of the same owners and possessioners,"

whose

whose lands are intruded upon, and, whose game is taken or destroyed. These are the persons to whom alone the injury is supposed to arise, and to that injury is the remedy of the statute applied. It must be remarked too, that the penalties of this statute do not attach to inferior persons taking or killing pheasants or partridges generally, but only to the taking or killing them on the ground of another.

It would be superfluous to cite all the statutes relating to game, to prove that the right to pursue and destroy it was at no time, by the constitutional law of this kingdom, held to be solely and exclusively in the sovereign. It was clearly a general right, and did subsist as such in fact and usage, until upon principles of public expediency it was judged fit to regulate and limit the enjoyment of it.

Previously to the enactment of any restrictive statutes respecting it, it stood upon the basis of the common law. Game are considered as *feræ naturæ*, and of these, as we before remarked, the learned commentator has himself affirmed, "that by the law of nature, every man, from the prince to the peasant, has an equal right of pursuing and taking them to his own use." Now, with deference to so great a writer, I affirm, that every natural right is protected and confirmed by the common law, and makes a part of it. To allow that this is a natural and common right, and at the same time to affirm "that no person whatever, but he who has a derivative right, is, by the common law, entitled to take or kill any beast of chase, or other game whatsoever," is utterly repugnant and contradictory. If to kill game be a natural right—as it is declared to be—and equally common to all the king's subjects, it follows that it cannot be the sole and exclusive prerogative of the king; if, on the other hand, it is the sole and exclusive prerogative of the crown, then it cannot be in its origin a natural and common right. Lord Coke says*, "the common law is sometimes called, right, common right, and common justice." Thus common law and common right are convertible terms; and Sir William Blackstone's positions controvert each other.

When this writer asserts that the "game laws do indeed qualify nobody—that they are merely excused from the additional penalties inflicted on persons of inferior rank—that though excused from these penalties, they are not therefore authorized to kill game—and that the circumstance of having one hundred pounds per annum, and the rest, are not properly qualifications, but exemptions:" These are propositions which, carrying in my mind the constructions usually put upon laws, I confess myself at some loss to comprehend.

I am ready to allow most explicitly, "that the game laws do not qualify any one;" but I as strongly deny, that therefore no one may lawfully kill game. The game laws do not qualify any one, because every one is made morally capable by the law of nature, and has a common and equitable right antecedent to the enactment of those laws. It is a right conferred by nature; the game laws qualify this right; that they do not qualify the person may therefore be true, and yet the person may be nevertheless legally empowered; because his right is derived from a different origin. When it is said that these statutes merely inflict additional penalties on persons of

* 1 Inst. 142.

inferior

inferior rank, we are not told the fine or punishment, by statute or common law, to which persons of higher degree were previously obnoxious, and to which these penalties were superadded.

That "the circumstance of having one hundred pounds per annum, and the rest, are not properly qualifications, but exemptions," is a doctrine so wholly unprecedented, and so wholly out of the line of hereditary opinion on the subject of the game laws, that were it not from the deservedly high authority from which it falls, I should hardly consider it as worth discussion.

Let us consult the statute itself. In the purview—of 22 & 23 Car. 2. c. 25.—it is said, that "whereas divers disorderly persons, laying aside their lawful trades and employments, do betake themselves to the stealing, taking, and killing of conies, hares, pheasants, partridges, and other game, intended to be preserved by former laws, with guns, dogs, &c. to the great damage of this realm, and prejudice of noblemen, gentlemen, and lords of manors, and others, owners of warrens; for remedy whereof, be it enacted, &c."

Now it is clear to the plain common sense of every man, that if the king has the sole and exclusive prerogative to take and kill game, this prerogative is alike infringed by persons destroying game, whatever be their condition or degree, and he alone must be the person injured by such an unauthorized act; but here we find the stealing, taking, and killing of game, by disorderly persons, declared to be not to the injury of the king, as invading his peculiar privilege, but to the prejudice of noblemen, gentlemen, and lords of manors, and others, owners of warrens. But what prejudice could arise to noblemen or gentlemen if such persons had not any right to take or kill game? If they themselves could not lawfully enjoy it, but stood merely in the condition of persons exempted from additional penalties inflicted on such disorderly persons as are the immediate object of the act, how with any sort of truth or propriety could it be affirmed of them, that they were the persons whose property or whose privileges were violated or infringed? If we are to consult the motives of the legislature and the policy of the statute, those motives and that policy unquestionably were, to preserve the game to the persons described in the preamble of the statute, and to superadd such limitation to the general right to kill game as is therein particularly stated.

The arguments with which the learned commentator enforces the doctrine we are combating, are such as require no deep logician to detect their fallacy. That the sole right of taking and destroying game belongs exclusively to the king, appears, we are told, from this, that "he may grant to his subjects an exclusive right of taking them, which he could not do unless such a right was first inherent in himself." But it cannot escape remark, that the learned writer omits to distinguish between the grant of an original right, and the qualifying by certain restrictions a right previously possessed. The right of electing members of parliament is limited in the exercise to particular classes of property; but what should we say if any one attempted to prove that the king possessed the whole right of choosing the members of the senate, on the ground that he grants to his subjects an exclusive right of electing them, which he could not do unless such right were inherent in himself. As well might we argue that the sovereign has an exclusive right to make snuffers, because he grants his subject a patent.

(To be continued.)

PRACTICAL

PRACTICAL EXAMPLES

Of the Reasoning Faculties and Sensibilities of Dogs; by the Editor of a certain Periodical Literary Work.

WE remember the following circumstance of a dog, who was constantly fighting with a neighbouring one. This animal, in a market, was worried by the butchers' dogs: from that time he conciliated the favour of his former antagonist, with whose assistance, after a little time, he repaired to the market, and avenged his old injuries.

A lady had a favourite spaniel dog, of which she was particularly fond. After her first lying-in, she desired the dog might be brought to the room. He happened to see her with the child in her arms, ran down stairs, would never again come near her, and pined and died.

A certain dog used to preserve something to bring in his mouth, when any particular favourite approached; and his choicest present was a dry bone. His master, having left for a time the kingdom, the dog was observed to hoard a large bone, which was supposed to be the intended present; and he was constantly watched. After a time, not seeing his master, he carried the bone to the library door; it remained unmoved. He then put it on the chair, on which his master usually sat in the library; whence it was not taken. He next carried it to his master's room, and placed it between the sheets, seeming to think, that there he could not miss it.

There is, on the northern side of the metropolis, the property of a laundress, a beautiful little bitch, produced by a real fox out of a cur bitch. This most affectionate mother has one whelp left, which is now nearly full grown; and of which she watches all the actions, and all the wants, with a real maternal solicitude. If his coat be soiled, she cleans it; if the fleas annoy him, she looks, and destroys them with the utmost care. The mistress correcting him some days since, his cries attracted the old bitch, who, running up with all the eagerness and alarm consequent on her extreme fondness, sat up on her haunches and begged for her child, her eyes streaming with tears, as they ever do when this darling is in jeopardy. Her joy was equally extreme, and expressed by a thousand antic frolics, on obtaining her whelp's pardon. This pair are so extremely vigilant by night, in a situation where the utmost vigilance is most truly necessary, that not a foot, shod with velvet, could stir unnoticed by them; and on the smallest alarm, they knock up what, in genuine flash, would be styled such an infernal row, that no neighbour within a moderate distance, who is at all alive in the ears, but has his share of the benefit.—*Related to us by a neighbour.*

IRISH GOODS.

A MAJOR O'GRADY, just out of foreign service, coming to London in 1769, was recommended to the celebrated patriot Wilkes. One day, the Major walking over Westminster-bridge with his friend, and it blowing a hurricane of wind, Mr. Wilkes was astonished to observe, that he took no sort of care about his hat, whilst himself was under the necessity of constantly keeping a hand upon his. To Mr. Wilkes's caution, the other only replied—"Och! by Jasus, Mr. Wilkes, and I beat you at that; for I had the precaution, e'er I ventured

I ventured out, to write Major O'Grady in the lining of my hat."—*Related at the table of the late unfortunate Lord K—.*

The same Major, perhaps one of the most eccentric and outre characters upon earth, being attached, like his old general and comrade Marshal Saxe, to Venuses of the very lowest class, happened to acquire a certain cutaneous deformity upon his wrists and fingers. Wilkes recommended him to Churchill. It must be observed, this happened just as they were drawing for the militia. On examining the patient's hands, Churchill called out—"Why, damn it, Major, how now? why, you have got the itch." On this, the Major, with a true Hibernian stare, eagerly replied—"Och, no! my dear little graduate of Salamanca, I am too old for you there; you know no man can be drawn for the itch, after threescore years of age." A singular proof of the association of ideas.

Soon after agricultural improvements first became fashionable in Ireland, a gentleman of that country, of great fortune, and we believe in the Irish parliament, coming to London, applied to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, informing him, with the utmost gravity, and, in the opinion of the Secretary, with real conviction, that he had made a most important discovery, which he had called purposely to communicate. After many thanks from the Secretary, the grand arcanum was unfolded—it was, "to sow flour instead of grain, which, according to the universally allowed axiom, that like produces like, must also produce flour in the same perfection, thereby saving stacking, thrashing, winnowing, grinding, and a world of other expence; besides rendering all mills and millers useles." The Secretary bowed profoundly, and with the utmost gratitude, for information which went so far; but begged leave to make a small amendment, which would go a single step farther,—it was, "to sow bread ready made, and so at once spare bakers and ovens, as well as millers and mills."

MODE OF DRIVING, &c. AT PARIS.

The following is the first of a series of letters, descriptive of the present manners of Paris. They were originally written in French, and give a humorous, but faithful picture of modern Paris.

LETTER I.

From a young Gentleman lately arrived in Paris, to his Aunt in the Country.

Paris, April 1, 1803.

"DEAR AUNT,

"AS soon as I had arrived in Paris, and stepped out of the diligence, I wished to see immediately the most celebrated streets and buildings in this great city. I passed through several of the streets without meeting any accident; but having stopped for a moment before the windows of a *Magazin de Nouveaules*, I felt a violent blow which threw me in the dirt, and almost at the same moment heard the *garre, garre*—take care—of the driver of the cabriolet which did me this mischief. Before I could get up to speak to this insolent charioteer, he and his cabriolet were at least 400 toises distant. It appears that it is the fashion of the myriads of charioteers who drive their cabriolets through Paris, never to cry *garre, garre*, until they have absolutely run over a passenger. Luckily, however, I suffered no very serious injury by this accident; but before I was well recovered, I saw a young girl, fresh and blooming as the

the flowers of spring, but who had forgot to put a handkerchief over her neck: had it not been for this accidental giddiness of hers, I should have only seen her face and her leg; but such a leg as the museum could hardly show. I was examining her as a model to draw from, when another cabriolet, rattling up through the dirty street, covered with mud her face, her gown, her silk stockings, and more than the lawn dress sees. She came over towards me swearing—but in the most fashionable manner—and she gave me a look, which was as much as to say, Sir, you are more gallant than this cabriolet horse. This look quite captivated me; but hardly had I commenced a conversation, when another cabriolet struck against her; she fell against me, and I against a window. The shopkeeper ran out bellowing to me to pay for his broken panes, which, to avoid any altercation, I consented to do.

This affair being so settled, the young lady, in compassion to me, advised me to hire a cabriolet to protect us from the injuries of others. I did so: I was ashamed to tell a *Parisian Belle* that I did not know how to drive; but, after a very short time, I drove against a ladder, upon which was an artist painting a sign post: down fell the artist, the ladder, the paints and brushes; but, at the same time, my cabriolet also was overset. I lay stunned by the fall for a considerable time; the moment I recovered my senses, I inquired for my fair companion; she had escaped unhurt, and had walked off, leaving me speechless in the dirt. To tell you the truth, my dear aunt, the loss of her grieved me more than any part of my misfortunes. Such a face, such an air, and, above all, such a leg, you would not see in the whole department of Jura. I have since met some other strange adventures, which will give you a good idea of the *Parisians*. In my next I shall recount them to you with the greatest sincerity; but, in the mean time, I must request you to send me more money very soon. The cloaths I brought with me from the country cannot be worn in Paris. Before I could appear here I was obliged to get myself shorn *a la Brutus*, and to get a suit of cloaths in the Parisian fashion. The coat and waistcoat are so diminutive, and the breeches of such a monstrous size, that you would laugh beyond measure if you saw me in my Parisian dress. Adieu! my dear aunt, I shall tell you of all my adventures, but I beg you will not forget to supply me well with money—I am not now among the innocent and frugal mountaineers of Jura.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY IN HORSES.

A GENTLEMAN Farmer, residing not six miles from Ludlow, says our correspondent, has a team of horses, in which there are four greys, whose united ages are within a few months of amounting to one hundred years; and they are capable of performing with ease all the duties usually required for such animals employed in agriculture. This circumstance, it is probable, cannot be paralleled by any one farmer in England: and it might lead the breeder to be somewhat attentive to the colour of his stud; for though it is an old observation, "that a good horse cannot be of a bad colour;" yet it is an assertion far from incredible, that there are more instances to be found of grey and white horses arriving at old age, than of any other colour.

ANECDOTES OF HATFIELD.

THIS man, who became the victim of an ungovernable propensity to deception, was, when a youth, employed in the capacity of a rider to a linen-draper in the north of England. In the course of this service he became acquainted with a young woman, who was nursed and resided at a farmer's house in the neighbourhood of his employer. She had been, in her earlier life, taught to consider the people with whom she lived as her parents. Remote from the gaieties and follies of what is so idly denominated polished life, she was unacquainted with the allurements of fashion, and considered her domestic duties as the only object of her consideration. When this deserving girl had arrived at a certain age, the honest farmer explained to her the secret of her birth: he told her, that notwithstanding she had always considered him as her parent, he was only in fact her poor guardian, and that she was the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners, who intended to give her one thousand pounds, provided she married with his approbation.

This discovery soon reached the ears of Hatfield; he immediately paid his respects at the farmer's, and, having represented himself as a young man of considerable expectations in the wholesale linen business, his visits were not discountenanced. The farmer, however, thought it incumbent on him to acquaint his Lordship with a proposal made to him by Hatfield, that he would marry the young woman if her relations were satisfied with their union, but on no other terms. This had so much the appearance of an honourable and prudent intention, that his Lordship, on being made acquainted with the circumstances, desired to see the lover. He accordingly paid his respects to the noble and unsuspecting parent, who, conceiving the young man to be what he represensed himself, gave his consent at the first interview, and, the day after the marriage took place, presented the bridegroom with a draft on his banker for L.1500. This transaction took place about thirty-two or thirty-three years ago.

Shortly after the receipt of his Lordship's bounty, Hatfield set off for London; hired a small phaeton, and was perpetually at the coffee-houses in Covent-Garden; described himself to whatever company he chanced to meet, as a near relation of the Rutland family: would frequently purchase a haunch of venison; invite his coffee-house acquaintances to dine with him, and entertain them with a flowing description of his park in Yorkshire, and the flavour of the venison it produced, a specimen of which he had given them. These idle and romantic tales passed current for a few weeks; when some of his new acquaintances began to find him out, and frequently jeered him, on his being an adept in what they styled "poetical prose, or the beauties of imagination." Hatfield, however, was insensible to all these rebukes, and continued to retail his preposterous fabrications with such an air of confidence, that he became generally known throughout Covent-Garden, by the name of Lying Hatfield.

The marriage portion being nearly exhausted, he retreated from London, and was scarcely heard of until about the year 1782, when he again visited the metropolis, and was shortly afterwards arrested, and committed to the King's Bench prison for a debt, amounting to the sum of L.160. Several unfortunate gentlemen, then confined in the same place,

place, had been of his parties when he flourished in Covent-Garden, and, perceiving him in extreme poverty, frequently invited him to dinner; yet, such was the unaccountable disposition of this man, that, notwithstanding he knew there were people present who were thoroughly acquainted with his character, still he would continue to describe his Yorkshire park, his estate in Rutlandshire settled upon his wife, and generally wind up the whole with observing, how vexatious it was to be confined at the suit of a paltry tradesman, for so insignificant a sum, at the very moment when he had thirty men employed in cutting a piece of water near the family mansion in Yorkshire.

At the time Hatfield became a prisoner in the King's Bench, the late unfortunate Valentine Morris, formerly governor of the Isle of St. Vincent, was confined in the same place. This gentleman was frequently visited by a clergyman of the most benevolent disposition. Hatfield soon directed his attention to this good man, and one day earnestly invited him to his chamber. After some preliminary apologies, he implored the worthy pastor never to disclose what he was going to communicate. The divine assured him the whole should remain in his bosom. "Then," said Hatfield, "you see before you a man nearly allied to the house of Rutland, and possessed of estates"—here followed the old story of the Yorkshire park, the Rutlandshire property, &c. &c. "yet, notwithstanding all this wealth," continued he, "I am detained in this wretched place for the insignificant sum of L.160. But the truth is, Sir, I would not have my situation known to any man in the world but my worthy relative, his Grace of Rutland"—the father of the present duke was then living;—"indeed, I would rather remain a captive for ever. But, Sir, if you would have the goodness to pay your respects to this worthy nobleman, and frankly describe how matters are, he will at once send me the money by you, and this mighty business will not only be instantly settled, but I shall have the satisfaction of introducing you to a connection which may be attended with happy consequences."

The honest clergyman readily undertook the commission; paid his respects to the duke, and pathetically described the unfortunate situation of his amiable relative. His Grace of Rutland, not recollecting at the moment such a name as Hatfield, expressed his astonishment at the application. This reduced the worthy divine to a very awkward situation, and he faultered in his speech, when he began making an apology; which the duke perceiving, he very kindly observed, that he believed the whole was some idle tale of an impostor, for that he never knew any person of the name mentioned, although he had some faint recollection of hearing Lord Robert, his relation, say, that he had married a natural daughter of his to a tradesman in the north of England, and whose name he believed was Hatfield.

The reverend missionary was so confounded, that he immediately retired and proceeded to the prison, where he gave the unhappy gentleman, in the presence of Mr. Morris, a most severe lecture. But the appearance of this venerable man as his friend, had the effect which Hatfield expected; for the duke sent to inquire if he were the man that married the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners; and being satisfied as to the fact, dispatched a messenger with L.200, and had him released.

In the year 1784, or 1785, his Grace

Grace of Rutland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and shortly after his arrival in Dublin, Hatfield made his appearance in that city. He immediately on his landing, engaged a suite of apartments at a hotel in College-green, and represented himself as nearly allied to the viceroy, but that he could not appear at the castle until his horses, servants, and carriage, were arrived, which he ordered, before his leaving England, to be shipped at Liverpool. The easy and familiar manner in which he addressed the master of the hotel, perfectly satisfied him that he had a man of consequence in his house, and matters were arranged accordingly. This being adjusted, Hatfield soon found his way to Lucas's coffee-house, a place where people of a certain rank generally frequent; and it being a new scene, the Yorkshire park, the Rutlandshire estate, and the connection with the Rutland family, stood their ground very well for about a month.

At the expiration of this time, the bill amounted to L.60 and upwards. The landlord became importunate, and after expressing his astonishment at the non-arrival of Mr. Hatfield's domestics, &c. requested he might be permitted to send in bill. This did not in the least confuse Hatfield; he immediately told the master of the hotel, that very fortunately his agent, who received the rents of his estates in the north of England, was then in Ireland, and held a public employment; he lamented that his agent was not then in Dublin, but he had the pleasure to know that his stay in the country would not exceed three days. This satisfied the landlord, and at the expiration of three days, he called upon the gentleman, whose name Hatfield had given him, and presented the account. Here followed another scene of confusion and surprise. The supposed agent of the Yorkshire estate very frankly told the man who delivered the bill, that he had no other knowledge of the person who sent him, than what common report furnished him with; and that his general character in London, was that of a romantic simpleton, whose plausibilities had imposed on several people, and plunged himself into repeated difficulties.

The landlord retired highly thankful for the information, and immediately arrested his guest, who was lodged in the prison of the Marshalsea. Hatfield had scarcely seated himself in his new lodgings, when he visited the gaoler's wife in her apartment, and in a whisper, requested of her not to tell any person that she had in her custody a near relation of the then viceroy. The woman, astonished at the discovery, immediately shewed him into the best apartment in the prison, had a table provided, and she, her husband, and Hatfield, constantly dined together for three weeks, in the utmost harmony and good humour.

During this time he had petitioned the duke for another supply, who, apprehensive that the fellow might continue his impositions in Dublin, released him, on condition of his immediately quitting Ireland; and his Grace sent a servant, who conducted him on board a packet that sailed the next tide for Holyhead.

A few years after his arrival on this side of the water, we understand, he was arrested for a debt contracted in the north of England, and that he remained in prison for several years.

Some time after he was liberated, he had the good fortune to connect himself with some respectable tradesmen in Devonshire, where he might have lived happily, secluded from those who formerly knew him, and acquired an honest independency;

independency; but deception was so rooted in his nature that he could never shake it off. He was soon detected in fraudulent practices, and as we have heard, declared a bankrupt. His flight succeeded; and unfortunately some evil genius directed his steps to the once happy cottage of poor Mary of Buttermere. Her story is well known and generally lamented; but let us in charity hope, that this wretch's crimes will be forgiven "in another and better world," and that his punishment in this, will answer the salutary purposes of example!

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN THE DOMESTICATION OF HARES.

By the late W. Cowper, Esq.

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to teaze the poor creature than to feed it, and, soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them — Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows that they might not molest him—for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick—and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion.

occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed: the shyness of his nature was done away; and, on the whole, it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said, that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burned in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by

by the smell in the choice of their favourites: to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze; but it is an erroneous one, at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sow-thistle, dent-de-lion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident, that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage while the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat; straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night; during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rhind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot overset it into their beds. I must not omit that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common briar, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicksome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance — a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution; but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore,

therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it: they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them; that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

May 28, 1784.

NEW FOREST,

IN THE

COUNTY OF SOUTHAMPTON.

A Ramble to it, through Millbrook, and Redbridge—Singular Instance of the Operations of Shame in a Female—Arrive at Stoney Cross—Account of the Death of Rufus—Description of the Monument raised by Lord Delawar, to the Memory of that unfortunate King—Origin of the Family of Purkass—Proposal to Lord Godolphin for enlarging the Forest, by Daniel De Foe—Strictures on Smugglers, with their Mode of killing his Majesty's Deer—Visit to Cliff, seat of Earl Bute—Description of the barren Land about it—Retreat to Ringwood, and return to Southampton.

SOLICITOUS to tread the velvet turf of the New Forest, which, for many ages, has been the grand theatre of the royal hunter, and at this moment the resort and delight of a noble and highly dignified sportsman, I quitted Southampton, passed Freemantle, the seat and grounds of J. Jarret, Esq. and entered the village of Long Millbrook; where, the traveller, looking back on the old walls of the corporation, is saluted with a scene particularly interesting and romantic. The landscape-painter cannot be better gratified than here; it is a charming *coup-d'œil*, wantonly served up by nature.

The morning was unseasonably sultry: it was here I sought, but in vain, for refreshment; of this I complained, until assured by a country wit, it was impossible for any thing to refresh in Millbrook; that it was the soberest town in Hampshire, and affording nothing stronger than muddy water for man and beast; not that the inhabitants had a greater disliking to the bibacious propensity than their neighbours, but that the gentry, most of them wine merchants retired from business, would not suffer one public house in the whole extent; so that a traveller, through this long, inhospitable, and dreary town, still more deformed by ill cut, monstrous church-yard yew trees, may sooner break his neck than his thirst, or expect to find a diamond before a drink-drop, unless he can take up with the muddy aquidity of wretched Millbrook. But *nil desperandum*, gentle traveller; you will be made ample amends when you arrive at Redbridge; for mine hostess, Mrs. Yeats, will furnish you with as much comfort as you can wish, and as good a tap of Rumsey ale, as ever recruited the spirits of a foot soldier after a midsummer-day's march. Herself the image of plenty, she distributes her good things with the cheerfulness of a goddess, and with a grace seldom to be met with among persons of her profession; her civilities make me loud in her praises. She told me her own story; there is a singularity in it I cannot omit, but from no uncharitable motive—

Ask but one female to define another,
The evil blazes that the good may smother.

The

The female, part of whose history I am about to develope, is still a very fine personal figure; her features, though altered by the fingers of time, testify in her youth she was a beauty. At that period, Mrs. Yeats was protected by, and brought up under the eye of, a most tender mother, who, notwithstanding all her care to keep the daughter's charms from the wanton eye of sufficiency, failed in that honourable wish, to her own great grief and affliction. Miss was soon singled out for misery by one of the first characters in the county, and in a little space of time a reciprocity of affection took place. The consequence was alarming; for the lady, finding a daily increase in the tie of her apron strings, prepared, at the hazard of her own existence, to escape the lacerating tooth of slander, and silently withdrew from the society of her dear friend and mother. Her absence was presently discovered, and as soon lamented: all inquiry was made, that maternal solicitude could devise; but all to no purpose. At length, the wanderer was found in a dry ditch, in the obscure part of a turnip field, with a fine healthy boy sucking at her breast. She had not from the hour of absconding to that of discovery, been seen by any human creature. In this humble recess, Miss had ingeniously woven a bramble coverture, so complete as to shield her from sight, and from the weather, and had only fed on the wild berries of the hedges, and the produce of the field. In her Lucinian moments she had alone the assistance of that goddess, and tender Levana watched over the boy to the time of his emigration. In this state she was restored, after the absence of many weeks, to her indulgent parent. The father of the child came forward and avowed the fact, and of their secret loves; and though not inclined to make the *amende honourable*, provided for the mother and offspring with all true affection and liberality. And at this moment, the son of Mrs. Y. who drew his breath in so rustic a cover, is an officer in his Majesty's Navy, an accomplished gentleman, and much respected for his humanity to those under his protection. Thus could the dread of cruel slander operate on the susceptive mind, and drive it from the society of its dearest attachment, in those critical moments when delicacy stands most in need of assistance: thus, could a beautiful female submit for concealment, to a fate common to the wild rabbits of the neighbourhood. She still lives, to enjoy health and comfort.

From Redbridge I passed to the celebrated seminary at Totten, and having a desire to visit Stoney Cross, cheerfully entered the New Forest. It is recorded, that to effect this chase, fifty miles in circumference, William the Norman threw down thirty-six mother churches, and depopulated the villages for thirty miles in extent; being more merciful to brutes than to men: for which, say the historians, the vengeance of Heaven long pursued him; for, on the spot where the king had brought mischief to many, his son Richard was gored to death by a stag, and his third son William, casually slain by an arrow from the bow of Walter Tyrrel; and not long after, his grandson Henry, while he eagerly followed the chase, was taken up by the hair of his head, and, like Absalom, hung in the branches of a tall oak till he expired. To commemorate the death of Rufus, a club is instituted at Stoney Cross, called Rufus's Club; and a stone monument, of triangular form, erected to the rememberance of the fact at Canterton, hard by. The in-

scriptions are as follow. *(Translated.)*

ON THE FIRST TABLE.

"Here stood the oak tree, on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II. surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which he died on the 2d of August, 1100."

ON THE SECOND.

"King William, as is before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkass, and drawn from thence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral of that city."

ON THE THIRD.

"That where an event so memorable had happened, might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by Lord Delawar, who had seen the tree that turned off the arrow, growing in this place, 1745."

From Canterton, I passed Minsted, only remarkable, if we may credit tradition, for being the place where the horse went from under the wounded king, while he was heard to exclaim, "O! mine steed, mine steed!" and expired. A farmer, at the moment, passing with his cart, took the body and conveyed it with all speed to Winchester, where, as he delivered it to the Bishop, he humbly observed it to be a *poor case*, that the body of a sovereign prince should have no better conveyance than his sorry cart: for this, the Bishop named the man Poorcase, now Purkass. I received this tale from one of the family, of which there are many of the name in the New Forest, and have no doubt of its authenticity.

Having penetrated to the centre of this sylvan retreat, I stopped at Lyndhurst, a lofty elegant village, from which branches some of the finest roads in England. His majesty has a house and stables here, appropriated to the use of the Duke of Gloucester, the Lord Warden. Robert Ballard, Esq. has also a delightful mansion, the situation of which was so captivating to the king, that when his majesty and family stopped at Lyndhurst, June 1789, he was pleased to permit Mr. B. to name it Mount Royal, which that gentleman did with great ceremony, in honour of his illustrious visitors. For all the beauties that revel in this earthly paradise, I cannot help lamenting, that such an immense tract of waste should remain uncultivated, while so many poor families in the neighbourhood are unemployed, and like the fabled Tantalus, absolutely starve amidst sufficiency. But this dereliction of public spirit is by no means local; the extent of waste lands throughout England is almost incredible: there are no less than 60 forests, 13 chases, and 700 parks, beside commons innumerable; which, were they parcelled out in small farms, and let at long leases, for moderate rents, would soon get into such a state of cultivation, as to leave no apprehension of scarcity in future; and by affording employment to the industrious poor, prevent emigrations, at this moment so fatal to the population of these kingdoms, and so generally beneficial to the rising states of Columbia.

To this grand end, some years back, a proposal was laid, by the celebrated Daniel De Foe, before the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, for repeopling the New Forest, with the poor Palatines, who were then in England in great numbers. It was projected, to draw a square containing 4000 acres, marking four cross high-ways from its centre, so that 1000 should compose each division; then to single out 20 men and their families fit for the undertaking, well skilled in husbandry;

bandry; and among these, equally divide the 4000 acres: these people to pay no rent, be liable to no taxes, but such as would maintain their own poor, and repair their own roads: these exemptions to last for twenty years, and then each to pay L.50. per annum to the crown. It was also advised, to advance each family L.200. as a stock to set them to work. Two things would have been answered by this scheme: the annual rent to be received after twenty years, would abundantly repay the public for the first disbursements; secondly, a great saving of money wantonly lavished on wild beasts, for the adornment of these unproductive acres. And I may assert a third; for that which is now a wide waste had been a cultivated paradise, yielding health and plenty to thousands who are at this moment languishing for comforts enjoyed in the highest degree by its antlered tenantry. It has been acknowledged by the best writers on human governments, that the first principles to be observed for the attainment of public happiness, are the improvement of agriculture, and the encouragement of lawful population; for from these we derive permanent strength, and incorruptible treasures.

The New Forest has long been remarkable for being a tolerable secure haunt for smugglers. It is no uncommon thing to see them pursuing their occupation between Lymington and Redbridge in the open face of day. I have observed a dozen together, with their oil-skin tea-bags, and their two tubs of Hollands, marching with so much indifference as if their traffic was perfectly legal, and they had nothing to apprehend from justice. It often happens that those gentry take a liking to a bit of his majesty's forest venison. In such a case, without applying to the keepers, they soon find the means of gratification: observing where the herd delights most to frequent, one of these adventurers places an apple on a codhook, and this he makes fast with a strong cord to the lower branches of a tree; perhaps, two, three, or more of these baits are dangling near together, just within the reach of the deer: so soon as the apples are perceived by the herd, the animal inclined to the temptation bites at its own destruction; for the more he strives to extricate himself from the peril, the more the stag is entangled by the codhook. In this painful situation the poor creature begins to groan; a signal for his destroyer to quit his cover, which he does with all eagerness, and, applying his long knife to the throat of the devoted creature, cuts it to the spine; down drops the carcase, off goes the head and skin, which is laid aside; the body is presently quartered and put into a sack, and as soon borne away for general regale: nor are the keepers altogether unacquainted with this practice of the smugglers. I have heard some of them joke on the subject; and this is not to be wondered at; for the deer-stealer always leaves behind him the hide and the horns, which is reckoned by them no inconsiderable share of the plunder. Should any one be particularly severe in bringing the offenders to justice, his life becomes a burden to him; for to offend one in this way is to disturb a hornet's nest; all the rest become your enemies, which is very dangerous and impolitic; for a New Forest smuggler minds no more cutting the weasend of an informer than the throat of the silly deer, thus betrayed by the temptation of Adam, as they archly call the codhook and the apple. A New Forest smuggler is not over particular about his game: if he cannot easily come at a buck, he will patiently put up with a sheep.

a sheep. One of these fellows was not long since whimsically found out by a shepherd's boy. The lad had missed one of his flock in the morning at unfolding, and went to the southward in search of it, when, under some trees nearly opposite to Allum Bay, he beheld a party of fishermen, alias smugglers, cooking the kettle, and the skin of a sheep neatly rolled up, and thrust under a bush. As the boy was well known to them, he feared to be too hasty in the business; so approached them, crying and lamenting in a dreadful way. One of them damned his *bleed*, and inquired what was the matter? The boy replied, his master had been beating him for losing a sheep; not that he cared a farthing about the mutton, that was no object of his desire; any body was welcome to the meat, it was the skin only his master wanted; for the wool was of so good a quality that it could not be equalled in all England; and if he returned without it, his employer would break his neck. One of the smugglers, with a few new coined oaths, pointed towards the bush, and asked the arch young rogue if that was not the thing he wanted? The boy cheerfully took the pelt, thanked the cooks, and made the best of his way from their kettle to a neighbouring justice, who hearing the tale, applied to Capt. L. for a party of his militia, and the smugglers were surrounded before they could finish their entertainment. They were arraigned at Winchester assizes: the gentleman and boy swore to the skin; and one of the culprits really suffered death for the offence.

From Lyndhurst I took the shady and delectable walk to Lymington, and from thence to Keyhaven; and, having refreshed, set off for the charming neighbourhood of Christ-church. However, mistaking my path, I fell into the road that leads to Cliff, a summer residence belonging to Lord Bute. As I had so far progressed, I resolved to profit from the oversight, by obtaining if possible an inside view of the premises before me: every step I took for this gratification became more unpleasant, and I was soon displeased with all that surrounded me; every thing was unlike what I had so lately experienced. Farewell, I cried, to the delighting landscapes at Pilewell! Adieu, Mount Royal, and the fragrant shades of Lyndhurst, with all the wide spreading trees of the New Forest! Fox-lease, I leave thy quiet foot-way with a sigh, for the unprofitable road to High Cliff, where fertility never shews its face, where all is sterile, dreary, and worthless; not a single tree or bramble-bush for many hundred acres; so indifferent is the soil, that even the prickly heather denies its root; no kind of verdure is seen except a few useless rushes; and you may as well expect to find a hive of living bees upon a mile-stone, as to meet by the way a sheep or a cow. The owl, that loves obscurity, haunts not here; not so much as a solitary crow appears, or mousing windbuffer; for nothing but the biped man will wing or tread this gloomy space, from which, while the smiling spring blesses the adjacent hills of the delicious Vecta, nature seems to recede.

I am astonished that a house so capital as this of the Earl of Bute's should appear above these acres of wretchedness. Surely the founder could have nothing more in contemplation, than to catch the sea breezes during the few summer months, or sultry dog-days. Totally displeased with the externals of this mansion, by help of a bribe, I quitted them for the interior recesses, where I found to compensate, many good pictures, mostly sea-pieces,

sea-pieces, by De Vlieger, Vangoyn, Vandeveldt, Vernet, and other eminent masters. His lordship, for the accommodation of his friends, has caused the names of the painters to be fixed on the most conspicuous parts of the frame; a method I particularly approve: it put inquiry to silence, and is highly gratifying to the curious visitor. This house and collection, as I am informed, is shortly to be brought to the hammer; so that, in all probability, you will have an opportunity of seeing the latter at Christie's, or with some other auctioneer.

The servant who attended me, a very well informed man, had made a manuscript register of anecdotes respecting the different masters, from among which, I extracted this of Vernet. This artist, eager in the study of nature, made several long voyages, in the younger part of his life, in order to remark on the various scenes the changeable elements exhibited. In one of these excursions, a most violent storm arose; when Vernet, without caring for the perils that surrounded him, desired the seamen to lash him fast to the rigging; the tempest increased, thunder, lightening, and every concomitant to add horror to the scene, mingled, to the great gratification of the artist; and, while apprehension sat on the brow of all beside, Vernet was lost in contemplation, in delineating this war of elements, this grand display of nature, in so much, that he would frequently exclaim in the most enthusiastical way, "Good Heaven! what a noble scene."

Happy to leave Mount Famine, I soon entered the merry town of Ringwood, where I beheld the farmer, the fisherman, the miller, and the milk-maid, dancing a morrice to the untutored fiddle of simplicity. The scene was now happily changed for the gifts of the bounteous Ceres. I mingled with the fishermen, and silently drew information from their aquatic narrations; and at nine o'clock, when the village retired to rest, finished another day's ramble with a downy repose.

How shocking this to those we call polite!
No cards to charm the slow progressing night!
No *rouge et noir* the open eye to keep;
No, no! by ten the town was all asleep.

As the ruddy streaks of the east called the curlieus from the rock, and the fishermen were trudging to the beach, my purpose called me with reluctance to turn my back on merry Ringwood. I resolved to return through the cooling alleys of the Forest I had been so much delighted with, when the top of Mount Famine once more caught my sight; at the recollection of whose sterility I could not help exclaiming with my friend Churchill—

Farewell, rude nature, where the ploughman tries
In vain to cheer the fainting traveller's eyes!
Thy barren hills, where scarce a blade is seen,
I quit for vales of everlasting green;
Where smiles Pomona during summer's reign,
And where kind Ceres opens stores of grain.
O! be yon sterile haunts for life forgot,
Where genial plants are only plac'd to rot,
Where raw-bon'd Mis'ry, in her dirty plaid,
Pleads for a tree in vain to spread a shade.
Avaunt, bleak mountains! from thy frowns I fly,
To rest with freedom 'neath a milder sky,
Where happier men, in decent cloathing, go,
And hide from sight what you are doom'd to show;

Where

Where Flora kindly deals out all to
please,
Unmix'd with thistles, famine, and dis-
ease.
Farewell! I go for th' Hesperian fruit,
And leave thy crags for future birds of
B—.

Having once more penetrated the divine abode of all things delighting to the sportsman, I took the boat at Hith, and again landed at charming Southampton. I am,

Yours, &c. T. N.

P. S. By favour of a friend, I have been permitted to transcribe from the Forest-Court-Register, and the book of the Swainmote, the presentations of the Regarders. As this grand perambulation of the verderers has never met the public eye, I make no doubt my endeavours to accommodate you with them will be highly acceptable to the generality of your sporting readers.

TAPLIN's
SPORTING DICTIONARY,
AND
RURAL REPOSITORY.

(Continued from Page 301, Vol. 22.)

IN conformity to a promise in our last, we proceed to a conclusive review of the work before us. The author seems to have cautiously avoided an unnecessary enlargment of his volumes, by rejecting matters of partial consideration, for the admission of much explanatory and scientific information, in which sporting individuals are more materially interested. With an evident eye to general utility, he has observed, "Signs of Disease" are various in horses, as influenced by the different sensations originating in the peculiar disorder of which they are the prognostics. One leading sign of internal pain or disquietude in a horse is, the refusal of his food, a drooping of the head, a dulness of the eyes, a general bodily lassitude, and a palpable dislike to action. These are evident signs of indisposition, and should always prove an immediate stimulus to necessary examination, which cannot be made too soon, as many horses are totally lost for want of proper attention at the commencement of disease. Those just mentioned, are not considered symptoms of severity, or such as hold forth indications of speedy danger; but, they are of consequence to justify such early counteraction, as the nature of each particular case may render a matter of prudence and precaution.

Much information may be collected from the state of the pulse, the warmth or coldness of the ears, the parching heat, clammy viscidity, or fleshy smell of the mouth, the heaving of the flank, the white, or inflamed state of the eye-lids, and the glassy appearance of the eyes themselves; all which appertain to cold, fever, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, or affections of the liver. A horse's being in excruciating pain, looking back incessantly to his flank on one side or the other, laying, or rather dropping down suddenly, extending his extremities to the utmost, groaning at the same time, then raising his head as he lays, and pointing the nose to his flank, rolling over in his stall, and hastily rising, are all symptoms of cholic, and of that kind termed inflammatory, occasioned by indurated excrement in the intestinal canal, which if not properly and expeditiously removed, produce mortification, and consequently death.

If the body is greatly distended, having the same symptoms, it is then called the flatulent cholic, and proceeds

proceeds from the collection and confined retention of wind; to the immediate relief of which, flank and belly rubbing by two good strong men, one on each side, will greatly contribute. Constantly striding, and endeavouring to stale without success, denotes defect in the sphincter or neck of the bladder; discharging the urine by dribling, in small quantities and often, indicate some injury sustained in the kidnies, particularly if the urine should be in the least tinged with blood. Glandular tumefactions under the jaws, with a soreness of the throat, if the horse be young, may be supposed an attack of the strangles; if an aged horse, who is known to have had that disorder, glanders may probably ensue. A dry parched tongue, wrinkled at the sides with constant heat, is a palpable proof of fever; a raw and fleshy smell from the mouth confirms it. A putrid fetid smell from the nostrils, attended with a slimy discharge, equally glutinous and offensive, denotes a consumption of the lungs.

A horse constantly dejected, with a gradually declining appetite, and inattention to those about him, bearing his head constantly to his right side, may be suspected of an inflammation of, or a tumefaction in the liver, affording an additional and strongly corroborating symptom, if there is a palpable yellowness of the original white of the eyes, which is also a distinguishing trait of the jaundice. Horses, when first attacked with fever, or an inflammation of the lungs, are observed to have alternate fits of shivering for two or three hours. Although a horse's coat may be rough and hollow from a cold stable, neglect, and ill-looking after, it is sometimes a proof all is not right within.

If a horse is observed to strike his foot petulantly, and repeatedly against his belly, threatenings of cholic may be apprehended; but if at the same time he frisks his tail, and draws it in close to his quarters, irritation in the rectum is the cause, and it may be concluded, the pain in the body and the itching at the anus are occasioned by worms. In addition to the signs of disease, a few words may be applicable upon the signs of health; and although the horse's vigour, strength and spirits, will, upon nearly all occasions, unerringly demonstrate this, yet some few shades of instruction and precaution, may be acquired from a little attention to the secretions of, and discharges from the body. A horse in high health, seldom varies much in the colour or quantity of what are termed the excrementitious discharges of the body; and they are in general, a tolerable criterion of the real state it is in. The dung from a horse in good condition for work, free from a viscid or diseased affection of the blood, and the various disorders and humours dependant thereupon, will be mostly observed of a pale yellow, moderately united in firm bright globules, rather brittle than adhesive, with a shining slippery surface, but perfectly free from a glutinous viscid slime.

If the dung is hard, black, and offensive when it falls, the body is overloaded, the habit is costive, and it has been too long retained; if covered with the gluey slime before described, it is a sufficient proof of internal foulness, and probably of impending disease. When a horse is labouring under a dangerous disease, some occasional information may be derived from the urine as it falls, and much more if caught in some vessel and set by to subside. If it comes away limpid and colourless, remaining in that state after having been set by, it is not considered a symptom of very favourable complexion; but if it comes away red, or of a turbid yellow, with

with a greasy film upon its surface, and afterwards deposits a kind of brick-dust sediment, with a strong and terebinthinate effluvia, it may be considered a good sign, and is frequently the harbinger of a speedy recovery. If, during the progress and various changes of disease, it should assume different appearances, first of the healthy, and then the opposite aspect, the case is doubtful, and danger may be apprehended; as it affords sufficient demonstration, there is a powerful struggle in the system, and the morbid miasma is not subdued. The best state of a horse's urine, when in health and condition, is of a yellowish tinge, moderate consistence, a strong effluvia, rather grateful than offensive, and a penetrating property: these in the aggregate may be concluded indications of strength, spirits and vigour; the reverse, in any serious degree, slight symptoms of internal disquietude, or impending disease.

After all the inculcations that can possibly be introduced under this head, the most judicious and experienced practitioner will sometimes find it extremely difficult to distinguish with certainty, between one internal disease and another; having nothing to assist him in the discovery but his own judgment, and the most predominant symptoms at the moment, many of which are common to other diseases. Notwithstanding these uncertainties, and the doubts which may arise between one and the other, it is the duty of every veterinarian to acquire as perfect a knowledge as possible of diagnostics; for although his incessant inquiries may not render him an infallible guide in every case without exception, it will afford him the gratification of a distinguished superiority over those who have neglected to avail themselves of the same advantages.

Animadverting largely and freely upon intervening subjects, he holds forth a sporting prospect under the head "Training," which he thus describes. Training—the process of training horses for the turf—was formerly plain, simple, open, and free from mystery or ambiguity. Circumstances, however, are so altered, and fashions have so changed, that a training stable exceeds in secrecy the inmost recesses of his majesty's councils, upon which the prosperity and peace of so great a nation entirely depends. A training stable is, in the opinion of those who conduct them, the very summit of earthly dignity and imaginary consequence. The "insolence of office," so emphatically alluded to by our immortal bard, cannot with justice be better applied than to this immaculate mart of integrity, this delectable haven of sublime and unsullied perfection.

Those noblemen and gentlemen, whose opulence and liberality command respect, are entitled to insure it; but it is frequently and publicly seen upon the common race course, that they are gratefully treated by their own pampered harpies with the most consummate confidence, and upon many occasions, if their own judgment is opposed, or opinion thwarted, with the most contemptuous indifference. Thus it is even with the great and independent, who have no sooner relinquished their horses to the superintendance of others, than they have resigned their free agency also, and it becomes almost a crime to offer an opinion, or even to ask a question: the etiquette of professional secrecy must be by no means assailed, and it is only as matter of favour that a man can get sight of his own horse, or obtain authentic information of the real state he is in; for if the owner, unless he is of the family, presumes to obtrude an inquiry, he will not be

be so likely to receive an unequivocal answer, as one of the most diminutive stable boys.

The morality and aggregate of virtues so peculiarly appertaining to the profession, being placed in the back ground of the picture, admitting in this, as in all others, that there are men of strict honour and unsullied integrity, who do not deviate from the path of rectitude in private transactions, yet the broad and beaten road of temptation is a dangerous track, and very few there are who are able to withstand it. It is a long standing maxim, that "those who play at bowls must expect rubs;" so those who make the embarkation must abide the consequence. Certain it is, the business, or rather art, of training was never before brought to its present pitch of perfection; but the expence is, with the collaterals attendant upon it, so enormous, that nothing short of an immensity of wealth can stand against it. Training, of late years, has undergone many changes and much refinement; but, in none more than the early age at which colts and fillies are now brought to the post. Very far within the knowledge of the present generation, no colt was ever taken in hand till he was three years old, to be made quiet for breaking; and he was never considered capable of being brought to the post for a racing contest, till some part of his fifth year. On the contrary, many are now taken in hand at eighteen months old; some few run short matches before they have attained the second year; more run when rising three; and plates, subscriptions, and sweepstakes, are common for three years old, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other.

This constantly increasing and invincible thirst for racing popularity, by which so many of the finest horses are crippled before they come to their prime, has constituted such a sterility or drawback upon the usual supplies for the chase, that the value of even common hunting horses has increased beyond all former example. The present system of training is considered so truly scientific, that one general jealousy is known to prevail amongst its professors of every denomination; the same secrecy which pervades one establishment, is, by the spirit of emulation or infection, communicated to every other; and the hour that stimulates one stable-lad to action, regulates the rest in every other training stable in the kingdom. The serjeant's, or corporal's guard, in the best disciplined military garrison of his majesty's dominions, cannot be more precise, more critically exact to time, than the training lads are to stable hours.

At the first dawn of day, every somniferous sensation is shaken off, and each in his stable by the time he has day-light sufficient to brush over his horse; this done, and the quantity of corn he is allowed consumed, the ceremony of exercise is proceeded upon; where his walking, galloping before and after water, take place, in time and distance according to the age, state of flesh, and engagements he is under; all which are minutely attended to, and his work regulated in proportion. At his return, the dressings, leg-rubbings, and every part of stable discipline, is regulated to a degree of admiration; when which is completed, the feeding over, and the stable set fair, silence prevails; the door is closed and firmly secured, the horse being left from every thing that can possibly afford disturbance; and this as much before six o'clock in the morning as the season of the year will permit. A short ceremony of the same kind takes place at twelve o'clock precisely; regular brushing over, feeding and setting fair are repeated,

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being again locked up till four; when the first ceremony of the morning, air, exercise, and water, again take place; the regular routine succeeds in the stable, which is closed as near to the hour of six as possible. When the perpetual prompter announces the hour of eight, it is the signal for racking up, and seeing all safe; this neatly and expeditiously performed, an early hour of rest is the invariable rule, that all parties may be the better prepared to enter early upon the business of the morning. Mr. Taplin continues his observations under the same head, in which our limits will not permit us to follow him.

Passing over the great variety of intervening and entertaining matter, we find the "Turf" thus defined. The turf, when used in a sporting sense, is intended to imply whatever appertains solely to the pleasure of horse-racing, without any collateral signification whatever; custom having established three concise terms, by which the distinct sports may be fully comprehended, and the intentional meaning perfectly understood. The Sod is known to be fully expressive of cocking; the Field of hunting; and the Turf of racing; these being the admitted technical terms of the sporting world, to which none else make the least pretensions. The emulative and inspiring pleasures of the turf, like the extatic enjoyment of the chase, are too great in their temptation and attraction for the spirited part of mankind to resist. Replete as it is with that great variety which tends to diffuse a genial glow of conscious gratification in every countenance, bespeaking a sense of inexpressible happiness in those who engage in it as spectators only; how much is it to be regretted, that the speed and spirited endeavours of the most beautiful animal in the creation should be prostituted to the worst of purposes? It can require no trumpet of fame to establish a fact so universally known, that the turf, with the nocturnal amusement of hazard, which invariably follows it, have, in conjunction, destroyed, or rather alienated, more property in the last fifty years, than all the hurricanes within the same given time, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. Numbers there are at this moment in existence, who formerly possessed their numerous studs, their landed estates, their magnificent mansions, with all the comforts, all the elegant gratifications of life, some of whom are to be found in prisons, others pining in obscurity, severely wounded even in spirit, by the barbed arrow of adversity; and a third part, by far the most numerous, living upon the liberality and hospitality of their kind and commiserating friends. But, that so deep and desponding a shade may not cast too great a gloom over the picture, for want of contrast, let the eye turn to an imaginary view of those likewise living, who, during the last thirty years of the fifty alluded to, have risen from the very lowest classes of society, to a degree of opulence beyond every moderate conception; when a few moments retrospection may serve to convince the ruminative observer, that, however largely the arts and sciences may have improved, they bear no proportion to the pecuniary improvements of the arts, either upon the turf or at the gaming table. No man of unsullied honour, and strict integrity, can become successful for any length of time, amidst a horde of determined depredators; experience having fully proved, that the most princely fortune cannot sustain itself against the stratagems of such villanous combinations.

The turf, in respect to its pleasures, pursued with prudence and entered into with moderation, by those whose immense property will admit of its support, is certainly one

Sweepstakes Brocket Hall, 1803.

one of the most noble, exhilarating, and amusing gratifications in the long catalogue of human enjoyments; but unfortunately, there is the same insatiate infection in ambition as in wealth, and neither one, more than the other is to be satisfied. From this inordinate thirst of fame, this furor of fashion, this excess of inconsideracy, has recently arisen racing studs of such rapacious enormity, that they have reduced to a degraded state of necessity, many of the most opulent and most dignified individuals in his majesty's dominions; to whom it must prove, upon the downy pillow of repentant reflection, a most mortifying retrospection, that, notwithstanding the thousands upon thousands ingulphed within the vortex of the turf, there has been hardly an instance in which they have been enabled to become the guardians of their own honour, the protectors of their own property, or barely thought worthy of being entrusted with the secrets of their own stables: for the subordinates in a training establishment, have their cards to play as well as their employers; and having skill enough, in the language of Tony Lumpkin, in the comedy, "to manage their own affairs by the rule of thumb," they do not omit to recollect the ancient axiom, that self-preservation is the first and most predominant law of nature. The noblemen and gentlemen of the Jockey Club at Newmarket, have adopted every means that superior wisdom could possibly devise, to restrain villany, and reward integrity: but so long as human depravity shall have power to retain a seat within the heart; so long as the secret betting emoluments of the subordinates may be more increased by deceptively opposing, than by promoting the interest of their employers; so long as a pail of water, a nauseating ball, or half a peck of corn, can be privately administered in the night, or a horse intentionally rode on the wrong side of the post by day—no man existing, however dignified his station, however benevolent his heart, however expanded his mind, and liberal his hand, must expect to see the turf rise from its late public and well known degradation, to a state of the so much wished-for perfection.

The Veterinary College, its origin and progress, are fully enlarged on, but in a way too extensive for the limits of our own work. In conformity with the plan originally laid down, it has been considered a duty incumbent, to extract specimens from such parts as seem more particularly entitled to the attention of the sporting world; and to add our opinion, that from its universality, it bids fair to acquire an equal degree of celebrity, with the preceding publications of the same pen.

Sweepstakes at Brocket Hall, 1803.

THE Etching here given, is of a Race of not much celebrity. It was for the Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, *bona fide* the property of the Subscribers, carrying 12st. each, that never started, paid, or received forfeit, before the 1st of March, 1803; rode by gentlemen; —2-mile heats. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. (15 Subscribers.)

Only three horses started, viz. 1st, Major R. Pigot's ch. g. Gary, rode by the Major himself. 2d, Mr. Gutteridge's b. h. Young Cardock, rode by Mr. Delure. And 3d, the D. of St. Albans's gr. g. Kickshaw, rode by his Grace.

The first horse represents Gary, and the second, Cardock. My Lord Duke, with Kickshaw, came in last the first heat, and was drawn the third; of course, he is left out of the picture.

LOQUACITY;

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry; beginning with a Panegyric on Old Women.

MOST men, and even women, are but too apt to prejudice their minds and imaginations against poor old women, and look on the tale of an old woman as a tedious affair, a matter of no consequence. They conclude, that it must be very trifling, if not quite disgusting, and of course turn from it with a sneer of contempt; or, perhaps, with this exclamation—"It is nothing but an old woman's tale; what can be expected from it!" Yet, give me leave to assert, that old women ought not to be slighted, nor their concerns treated contemptuously, or with neglect; for they ever have, and will continue to be, of considerable consequence in the scale of human affairs. In their amusements, their conveniencies, their general good, and their happiness, they are of more importance than the generality of mankind are willing to acknowledge — more, perhaps, than they are aware of.

To illustrate this doctrine in a clear, full, and satisfactory manner, it will be necessary that we descend to particulars. In doing this, the writer will make free to point out an excellency or two peculiar to old women, which some will be apt to think to their discredit. But still, excellency is excellency, be it of what kind it may; as cunning is an excellency in the fox, and deception an excellency in a juggler, or slight-of-hand man, &c.

Let us now take a view of some of the excellencies peculiar to old women.

1st, An old woman is the most intelligent being under heaven; for though she be poor, have her residence in a mean cottage, in a little village, remote from all public transactions and traffic, yet she will pick up more news in one afternoon's ramble, than is sufficient to fill three newspapers. Whether it has been observed by any one besides myself, I know not; but true it is, that a man will go out upon a visit to a relation, friend, or acquaintance, for three or four hours, and, at his return, he is ready to retire to rest: he has heard no news; he has made no particular observations; he has had no interesting conversation, or met with any thing worthy of a recital. But, when an old woman goes out in a similar way, she seldom if ever returns without a cargo of the most important or wonderful news, of which she is brimful, and never fails to discharge herself to those she left at home. She has heard this, she has seen that—who should she meet but Mr. Such-a-one; he said this, that, and the other thing—Mrs. Thingamy, who used to live at such a place, was going to Mr. What-do-you-call'im's, and was mighty glad to see her. She, perhaps, has passed two folks very earnestly talking together; and, though she could not hear a syllable of their discourse, yet, either from the motion of their lips, or some particular circumstance, she is able to surmise the subject-matter of their confab. In short, she is capable of entertaining her auditors four hours with what she has gathered in two, by going only two or three miles.

2dly, An old woman is not the less intelligent, by being confined to her own cottage by a state of decrepitude, and living at a distance from human beings; for though she sees a neighbour but seldom, yet she has the art and skill to gather all the material news of the whole neighbourhood in a little time; and she knows more of what is done, said, and is going on, or about to go on, than the most active man in the parish.

3dly, An old woman is famous for

for dreaming; and, by the help of her dreams, she knows of things before they take place or occur. It is a fact, that there is scarcely any thing more common, than for an old woman, when she is told of some event, to exclaim—"I thought so; I verily believed that I should shortly hear something of that, because I had such dreams for two or three nights running: I was fully persuaded what would happen!" In this place, let no one presume to make light of an old woman's dreams; for, though there be no certain dependence to be placed on those prognostications she may make on their account, yet they may be as clear, and as often verified, in some shape or other, as the most ancient oracles were. For instance, an old woman dreams that a coach, filled with fine ladies and gentlemen, passes by her cottage,—a circumstance which probably does not occur in the course of the season—then, how is her dream to be fulfilled? Why, perhaps the next day, or very likely within a week or two, a poor man drives past a wheel-barrow, with two or three of his children, whom he is treating with a ride. This is a plain verification, at least as plain as the oracle, which said, "the wooden walls would save a nation;" and various other oracles, which were more obscure in their answers to questions required.

Having noticed a few of these excellencies of old women, which some may think are of the vilifying kind, let us now look to those of a more exalted and beneficial tendency, which will evidently appear in the sequel.

Here I observe, that poetry had its origin from old women. A bold assertion this, you may say, when the learned of all ages have formed surmises far different; they being pretty well agreed, that poetry had its origin among the ancient shepherds, who, in their pastoral occupations, dedicated their leisure hours to the composition of verses, first upon sublime subjects, and afterwards upon their own happy life, or the praises of their mistresses; setting forth, in verse, their beauty, virtues, coyness, cruelty, or their inconstancy, whenever an instance of the kind occurred, which I am willing to suppose was but seldom.

The above surmises have a very plausible appearance. The writer however takes leave to dissent from them, and to conclude, that the origin of poetry was among old women. Old women, from the creation, have had an insight into the most occult and sublime sciences. They have been fortune-tellers from the beginning of time. From hence it appears, that poetry had its origin; since, to render their predictions the more obscure, amusing, and fascinating, they gave them in verse, or in something like to it.

Those who are strongly prejudiced in favour of the opinions of the learned, will by no means agree with the writer, but pronounce his hypothesis strange, and extravagantly chimerical. They will say, that the first inhabitants of the world, were charmed and struck with that order, beauty, and harmony of parts, that every where presented themselves to the sight and understandings of rational beings; that their own wonderful formation, and various productions of nature, must, and did, strike their minds more forcibly than any other matter whatever; and that, consequently, poetry was first adapted to those sublime and grand objects.

To this objection to the writer's supposition, he observes, that, if the first inhabitants of the world were more inclined to contemplate and celebrate the many grand appearances which every where stand forth to view, than they were to magnify

magnify their own vast importance, petty concerns, and trifling fancies, then he must acknowledge, that the human race has strangely degenerated; for now they pay but little attention to any thing, save only themselves. They magnify their own importance, admire and celebrate their own wisdom and handyworks; the spirit gives place to the flesh, the soul to the body: if they give up a few minutes at the conclusion of the day to sublime concerns, it is well; but it is a strange novelty. The fag-end of life is held to be sufficient for it: morning, and the early part of life, is dedicated to self, and its concernments. It may, therefore, reasonably be presumed, that poetry was first used to celebrate the affairs and concerns of men, but more particularly to please and agree with their passions, and most prevalent propensities. Now, the most predominant passions and propensities of mankind seem to be their attachments towards each other, and their well-being throughout their future days: consequently, poetry was introduced in matters of love and gallantry, and in giving prediction of future events.

But why, it may be asked, is it supposed that old women were the chief predictors or fortune-tellers? To this I answer—Ancient history relates, that the oracles given at the most renowned temples, were delivered by women, and in rhapsodical verses: men seem to have had little or no hand in those sublimities. Which relations of history corroborate the writer's supposition, that the sublime sciences, poetry, astrology, and fortune-telling, had their source and origin from old women, and that all prophets were their pupils, or borrowed their knowledge of the art from the obscure documents which they either left behind them by chance, or voluntarily transmitted to posterity.

But there yet remains another powerful argument, to induce us to believe this supposition, which is this — Woman was tempted by the subtle serpent, overcome, and eat of the forbidden fruit, and that purely with the view of becoming very wise; which having done, she took an apple or two in her hand, and carried to the man, who eat them at her kind persuasion. Now, as the man eat only one or two of the forbidden fruit, and that at second-hand, we cannot suppose that he was made equally wise with her who eat her fill fresh from the tree. But what knowledge or wisdom was it which this forbidden fruit imparted to those who partook of it? We can only form a supposition of this question; which supposition will be, that this knowledge, or wisdom, was the same, or similar, to that of the old subtle serpent; a knowledge and wisdom that people had better be exempted from; a knowledge that induces men to neglect the present, and seek after the future; a kind of fortune-telling knowledge, and a curious investigation of matters, which are far above the natural capacity of mere mortal man. A great deal might be said of this serpent-like knowledge and wisdom; but the writer only observes, that it is highly probable that the woman imbibed a much greater portion of it than the man, and that woman, for many generations at least, continued to possess that ample share in an eminent degree. Another natural and obvious deducement from the above supposition is, that women were the original and principal fortune-tellers, and that they invented, and promoted astrology, and what is called by many, the black art; and introduced the use of poetry, the better to pass off their subtle fictions, and sublime nothings. Old women have, therefore, always excelled in these obscure arts and sciences; man has followed in the beaten

beaten track, and, by perseverance, and unceasing industry, attained a superficial knowledge of that in which even old women excel.

But the most highly valuable excellency of old women is, that they are an antidote for the spleen, the vapours, the megrims, the fidgets, and the hypochondriac malady. The company of an old woman is the most efficacious remedy for any particular one of these fanciful maladies; nor can any one of the dreadful catalogue tarry long in the presence of some eminent old women, who shall call forth their charms and spells against them. This every man must acknowledge to be a superior excellency indeed; something wonderful and supernatural; since those fanciful maladies are the most pertinacious, the hardest to conquer, of any.

The writer is well aware, that, in making this assertion, he exposes himself to the accusation of being guilty of great temerity. Readers will exclaim—"This is strange! an old woman a certain, an infallible remedy and cure for all these dreadful maladies! Why, these maladies are of female origin, and are as natural to an old woman as cheating is to a Jew, and as common with her as canting and deception is to a pretended methodist." Very true; justly observed; the writer knows it: and this knowledge verifies his assertion. Every body knows, or may remember the common saying—"Set a thief to catch a thief." In like manner, set an old woman, who is frequently plagued with vapours, spleen, megrims, fidgets, whimsies, and hypochondriacal affections, to cure these maladies in others, and without a doubt she will succeed far better than him—though the most learned and skilful physician in the world—who was never plagued himself, nor tormented those about him, with either.

Facts, they say, are stubborn things; the writer will therefore evince his assertion with one. Poor Mr. Vapourish was a gentleman, a man possessed of tolerable good sense and knowledge, and he was a man of classical learning; but, at times, and that frequently, was dreadfully affected with the hypochondriacal malady. Able apothecaries administered drugs, famous physicians wrote him prescriptions, but all was without effect, at least without the desired effect; for the poor suffering patient received no remedy from either medicine or advice. He was frequently wretched in the extreme: he rung up his servants at midnight; said he was then dying as fast as it was possible. He was afraid of every thing. One thing was too hot, another too cold; one too thick, another too thin; one loaded the stomach too much, another was hard of digestion; one was too sweet, another too sour; one was too flatulent, another too inflammatory; every thing gave alarm and much uneasiness, and his life was a grievous burden to himself; yet he was terribly afraid of dying, which would have terminated his wretchedness. When he felt himself in tolerable good health, then he was under continual fear and alarm; he was afraid of eating or drinking, or of doing any thing, lest the act should tend to derange his system. In short, he was in continual bondage, and the worst of slavery; for he was a slave to his own fears and apprehensions, and a plague to every body about him.

Good fortune brought him to the acquaintance of an old woman, who afforded him greater relief than all the world had done or could do. She had felt every pain; had laboured and groaned under every wretched sensation; had experienced all the fears and doubts he could possibly mention; knew exactly

actly how he felt, and what thoughts were apt to harass his breast during the paroxysms. She had been subject to the whole for more than thirty years; and yet, thank Heaven, she would say, notwithstanding all, I am alive still, and am now in my seventieth year. Come, come, my good Sir, do not be habbergasted; you are not a-dying, nor will you die yet: I know what it is, and can and do pity you from my heart and soul. Here the poor sufferer had a little consolation; a pleasing prospect stood before him; an old woman of seventy, who, had suffered all his miseries for more than thirty years, and yet was likely to hold it ten or twenty years longer. He conceived hope. But hope, how powerful and efficacious soever it may be, is insufficient to give relief long, or much, to the wretched hypochondriacal sufferer. No, there must be something more stimulating and fascinating to accomplish this; which something the old woman possessed in a sufficient degree. She was every thing at times, and in season; she was gloomy as December, tearful as April, serene as October, pleasant as June, just as occasion seemed to require; for her words, looks, and whole deportment, were sure to correspond, and be well suited to the company she was with. Besides, she was never at a loss: she had a why to every wherefore; had always ready an old saying, to strengthen and corroborate her remarks, and a proverb to illustrate and confirm her assertions or opinions. Her discourse was serious and religious; comical and facetious; and all in the space of a few minutes: nor were the subjects of her conversation less mutable; for she would turn from what may be said of Heaven, to the dark regions below, and thence to this busy world, and to any of its concerns and transactions instantly. These astonishing abilities are the prerogatives of old women; and by the help of them, this wonderful old woman frequently cured poor Mr. Vapourish of his maladies. She diverted his thoughts from preying upon his mind, and he would breathe more freely, and consequently felt himself more comfortable. The old woman was well acquainted with his feelings, and saw his amendment so soon as he felt it. She would then clap her hand on his knee, and say, "Come, Sir, shall you and I cuff a pipe together before I go home." "If you think it will do me no harm," he would reply, "I do not care if we do." She had much to say in recommendation of smoking; so to smoking they went. The fumes of the tobacco, a pot of ale, and a noggin or two of his mead or alder wine, made them both quite happy; and poor Mr. Vapourish would sometimes continue pretty well for weeks. When fresh attacked, the old woman was sent for, and always recovered him; that is, as long as there remained in him any life or spirits. She was unable to raise the dead: she survived him, though his senior by twenty years.

This is another excellency peculiar to old women—they are not so easily frightened out of life as the men, but evade the stroke of the grim leveller with wonderful address and dexterity: and though they droop and fall, yet they will rise again, to the admiration of every one. In short, to enumerate all the various excellencies of old women, would be the most arduous undertaking, and fill several volumes of the first magnitude. I therefore now wave the subject, hoping I have advanced enough in their praise to prevent any prejudice against Loquacity, or an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry; which I shall in the next place lay before the reader.

(To be continued.)

Mr.

MR. CHIFNEY AND HIS BOOK.

WE have met with the following advertisement in Weatherby's last Racing Calendar. Not presuming to anticipate what Mr. Chifney may have to offer in his proposed publication, we, nevertheless, cannot but remark, on the circumstance of the book being ultimately promised for publication on the 13th of October, and its not being published on the 28th.

ADVERTISEMENT.

October 13, will be Published, price L.2, . GENIUS GENUINE, by SAMUEL CHIFNEY, of Newmarket; containing a fine part in riding a race, known only to the author. And why the turf horses degenerate. And how to recover them to their strength and speed. A guide to training horses for running, and hunters and hacks for hard riding; to preserve their strength, and their sinews from being so very often destroyed. Reasons for the horses changing in their running. Likewise, a full account of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's horse Escape, running at Newmarket, on the 20th and 21st days of October, 1791; with other interesting particulars.

Twelve years ago, the author would not have given this information to any one person, about horses, for 1000 guineas.

Sold at 62, Fleet-street, London; and no where else. Sent to any part of the kingdom, &c. to order.——Address to Elizabeth Chifney.

N. B. Some persons caused the Press to be stopped unknown to the author, which caused the delay of this publication to the 13th instant.

Far from throwing any imputation on Mr. Chifney, or saying it is the case with him; but, from his advertisement it should seem, that there might be something in his book not altogether agreeable to certain persons; and that the procrastination we here notice, is resorted to, in order to settle the *price* of *silence*.

We again repeat, that we have no knowledge of any thing of the kind going forward; but, at present, appearances certainly do encourage suspicion.

LORD CAMELFORD, AND HIS FIGHTING DOG.

LORD CAMELFORD lately purchased Mr. Mellish's celebrated fighting dog. This animal, who is as renowned for his battles as Bonaparte, was originally the property of fighting Humphreys; he next came into the possession of fighting Johnson, by whom he was dearly loved, and much admired; his next owner was fighting Ward, who sold him a few months ago to Mr. Mellish, for twenty guineas. His lordship, being fascinated with the bold feats and the spirited demeanor of the animal, proposed to buy him, and Mr. Mellish consented to sell him in the carcase way. The dog was accordingly put into the scale, after a good hearty dinner of tripe, and was found to weigh forty-two pounds. The price agreed upon was two guineas per pound, so that the purchase money amounted to eighty-four guineas. This was satisfied in the following manner: A favourite gun, belonging to his lordship, value forty guineas, and a case of pistols, value forty-four guineas. It would have been an insult to this noble animal to have paid the purchase in money, and, therefore, he was in a manner exchanged for these warlike articles. He is known by the name of Belcher; has fought 104 battles, and never was beat. A more warlike pedigree, or nobler blood, cannot be boasted by any of the canine race in England. To his other great and good qualities, he adds a singular instinct, by which he is enabled to know a brave man from a coward; and he is as much attached to the former, as he hates the latter. His lordship is so pleased with his purchase, that he declares no money should part him and his dog.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

An actress, lately performing Lady Anne, in King Richard, repeating the passage, "Oh! when shall I have *rest?*" was abruptly answered by a wag in the gallery, "Never till you pay me the *thirty shillings* you owe me."

The French, says a Kentish Paper, have long been celebrated for their skill at cards: but, in the desperate game they are now playing, we will venture to say, that though they may *shuffle* and *cut* with their usual dexterity, they will find themselves a little puzzled when they come to *Deal*!

Counsellor Costello pleading a cause one day before Judge Clayton, the Judge said, "Mr. Costello, I protest I don't know what you have been saying this half hour past." "Indeed I don't wonder at it," said the facetious advocate, in a low voice, but loud enough to be heard by the bench, "for I have been quoting *law*.'

The *Lawyers'* regiment, formed by the benchers and students of the several Inns of Court, distinct from the *Bloomsbury* corps, have gained a military appellation, for which they are not much indebted to the wag of a god-father who gave it to them; for in contradistinction to the "*King's Own,*" the "*Prince's Own,*" &c. this destructive legion is called the "*D—l's Own.*"

Last week, a person went into the shop of Mr. Aldhouse, of Botesdale, to be shaved, who said he then came from Norwich; and on being asked respecting the volunteers there, replied, "they were all a parcel of fools, and for his part, if Bonaparte made good a landing, he would join him." "Oh!" quoth the barber, "you're a damn'd clever fellow," and directly kicked him, half shaved, into the street.

Sailors.—*A curious hand-bill, of a slop-seller, in Hull.*—"B—y, mercer and sea-draper, No —High Street, Hull. Sailors rigged complete from stem to stern, viz. chapeau, mapeau, flying gib, and flesh bag; inner pea, outer pea, and cord defender; rudder case, and service to the same; up traders, down traders, fore-shoes, lacings, gaskets, &c. &c.

With Canvas bags
To hold your cags,
And chests to sit upon;
Clasp-knives your meat
To cut—and eat,
When ship does lay along."

From a Paper published at Botany Bay.

"My wife's so very bad," cry'd Phill,
"I fear she'll never hold it,
"She *keeps* her *bed*."—"Mine's worse,"
says Will,
"The jade this morning *sold* it."

Epitaph

EPITAPH in a country church-yard, on a man named John Death.

Here lies our old Parishioner, John
Death,
Who *liv'd* till his *sad namesake* stopt his
breath!

CURIOUS return of a Quaker under the Defence Act.—"*He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.*"—I am a Christian, and profess to believe in the gospel of Christ; the precepts, nature, and spirit of which gospel lead me to be persuaded, that, like my master Jesus, the Prince of Peace, I ought to suffer all things, to love all men, and to kill none; therefore no martial service is to be expected from JOHN SMITH.

Torbock-street, Liverpool,
4th of the 8th Month, 1803.

PLACARDS to the following effect, and numerous others of similar tendency, have been stuck up during the night, in various parts of the Hanoverian country:

"A prayer said by every true Hanoverian patriot, on the birthday of the First Consul, Napolean Bonaparte, August 15, 1803:—Our step-father, which art in Paris, cursed be thy name; thy kingdom be far from us; thy will be done neither in heaven nor on earth; do not take quite from us our daily bread; and forgive us our not loving thee, as we forgive thee thy not loving us; and lead us not into deeper misery, but deliver us from thy ragged hussars, fusileers, and starving raggamuffins. For thine is the kingdom of woe, distress, mockery, derision, and plunder, without end.—*Amen.*"

AN Irish merchant in a letter from Biscay to his friend, says, "One of the most curious *customs* in this country is, that we pay no *custom* at the *custom* house, for the best reason in the world—there are no *custom* houses in all the country."

A BON MOT from Botany Bay may be considered a novelty, and we extract the following:—An edition of *Bailey's Dictionary* having been some time since put up at an auction, the vendue master observed it was a *New Bailey.*—"I'm glad of that with all my heart," replied a bidder, "for most of us have had enough of the *Old one.*"

As a gentleman, the other day, was receiving change for a seven-shilling-piece at the bar of a coffee-house, in the city, the landlady tendered him a French half-crown: the gentleman objected to it, saying, "he wondered who would take a *Frenchman* now." To which the landlady immediately replied, "she hoped every true Englishman would *take one.*"

A FELLOW being lately tried for bigamy on the Irish southern circuit, before Counsellor Calbeck, who being a king's counsel, travelled as one of the judges; and being convicted of the fact upon the testimony of both his wives, the judge, when proceeding to pass sentence, after lecturing the fellow pretty severely upon the heinousness of his offence, added, "For my part, I have to regret that the law in this case deprives *me* of all discretion, and suffers me to go no further than merely to sentence you to transportation for seven years. Instead of which, if I had my own will, I would certainly give you a more *severe* fate—I would sentence you to *seven years imprisonment in the same house with your two wives*, where you would feel, indeed, the just punishment due to your atrocity!"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. COVENTRY's Lismahago has been the most successful horse this summer. He has won nine plates. Mr. C. has refused 700 guineas for him.

CHEPSTOW Hunt, on the Monday and Tuesday in this month was extremely well attended, and productive of most excellent sport. On the Wednesday, a ball and supper were given by Mr. Welles, at his beautiful residence at Piercefield, which attracted a numerous and very brilliant assemblage of company, who were much pleased with the magnificent entertainments of the evening, and departed highly gratified with the polite attention they experienced from the liberal owner of this hospitable mansion.

LORD DARLINGTON has already begun fox-hunting with his young hounds, in the Doncaster country. The Holderness fox-hounds are to be continued, Sir Mark Sykes having become a subscriber in the room of Mr. Bethell.

ABERDEEN.—The Northern Shooting Club Meeting commenced lately. Among the company were, Marquis of Huntly, Earl of Cassilis, Hon. Mr. Maule, Hon. Major Ramsay, Sir William Johnston, Sir William Forbes, Mr. Skene, Colonel Forbes, Mr. Barclay, Major M'Leod, Mr. Horn, Major Robertson, Mr. Hadden, Lady F. Hay, Lady Keith, Lady Johnston, Mrs. Gen. Hay, Mrs. Horn, Hon. Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Allardyce, &c. The polite and pleasant manners of Lord Huntly, who was Preses, diffused very general satisfaction through the company. The display of female beauty on this occasion, as well as at all our festive meetings, was conspicuously brilliant.

Lately died, aged 78, ——Bevis, Esq. of Peterborough. Several times during the present season, this hale veteran has pursued the sports of the field for ten hours together; and so late as the 16th instant, was well enough to get out, and shot a hare.

The Ruling Passion strong in death.—When Hal. Spedding, the noted gamester, was on his death-bed, he intreated his physician to be candid, and to let him know how long he thought he might live? "Why," answered the doctor, "since you wish to know, I will not deceive you: I don't think you'll survive half a dozen hours."—"I'll bet you ten guineas," exclaimed the feeble patient, "that I do a dozen." He breathed his last in the course of a few minutes.

BLOOD-HOUND.—The Thrapston Association for the prosecution of felons, in Northamptonshire, have provided and trained a blood-hound, for the detection of sheep-stealers. To prove the utility of the hound, the 28th ult. was appointed for the purpose of exercising it. The person he was to hunt started at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the presence of a great concourse of people, and at eleven, the

the hound was let loose; when, after a chase of an hour and a half, notwithstanding a very indifferent scent, the hound found him secreted on a tree, at the distance of fifteen miles, to the astonishment and satisfaction of all present.

Amesbury Coursing Meeting, on Monday the 17th, and Tuesday the 18th instant, attracted a very numerous field of sportsmen; and as there were several capital dogs, belonging to Lord Rivers, Mr. Corsellis, and other gentlemen of the first coursing celebrity, great expectations had been formed of superior sport. Unfortunately for these hopes, the hares proved so unequally matched to the dogs, both in fleetness and in strength, that fourteen brace were killed without one good course; and whatever dog might win a match, there was no trial of his speed, strength, or bottom.—The coursing was renewed on Thursday, with no better effect. Coursing gentlemen are at a loss to account for the degeneracy of the Amesbury hares, in the present season. The hares, on other parts of the Wiltshire Downs, posess their usual excellence.

One day the beginning of this month, as Mr. Duncan M'Laran, gamekeeper to Mrs. Belt, of Bossall in Yorkshire, was ranging for pheasants about four o'clock in the afternoon, a fine cock pheasant rose from a hedge-row, which he readily shot, and instantly, to his great astonishment, a large fox seized the bird and took it off: Reynard was, however, polite enough, on the halloo of the keeper, to quit his prey.

Hill, the butcher, who a short time since undertook, for a wager of 500 guineas, to ride from Cambridge to London and back, on his own mare, failed in the attempt, before he came within thirty miles of the metropolis; but wagers to a considerable amount being betted, that the rider could not perform it, even with the aid of other horses which he had provided, he proceeded, and won the wager with ease.

A little time ago, Robert Stoddart, upwards of sixty years of age, set off from Newcastle, at day-break, and arrived at Tarnside, near Wigton, in Cumberland, a journey of sixty-six miles, the same evening. He carried a fishing-rod the whole way; and was so little fatigued by the performance, that he was in a great hurry the next morning to go and shear corn.

A man, at Sunderland, lately, for a wager, undertook to carry one hundred stones, placed at one yard distance from each other, and deposit them in a pail at one end, in fifty minutes, which he completed in forty-nine and a half.

During the present month, a person of Lyme was convicted on an information before William Tucker, Esq. in the penalty of L.5, for using a gun and a pointer, without being duly qualified under the game laws, although he had taken out a stamp certificate, which is an error many fall into, and it is hoped will serve as a caution to others.

A wager laid by Mr. Jenkins, of Cirencester, that his horse should travel from that town to three miles beyond the Cross at Gloucester, and back again, a distance of above forty miles, in four hours, was lately decided in favour of Mr. J. the horse performing the task with great ease in ten minutes under three hours. He went the first seventeen miles, notwithstanding the road is hilly and bad, in about an hour and seven minutes.

A few days ago, as the North Hants Militia were firing at a target,

get, in Bridgewick-bottom, one of the balls struck a hare in her seat, and carried away both her fore-legs; notwithstanding which, the poor animal ran off upon her stumps, but was soon afterwards caught and killed, some distance from the scene of action, by a countryman, whose astonishment at the loss of poor Puss's legs did not cease until he was made acquainted with the singular occurrence.

The following are the descriptions of the horses from Hanover, which were lately landed at Blackwall, viz. nine black stallions, eleven black mares; two cream-coloured stallions, and eight mares; ten white stallions, and five mares; five mouse-coloured stallions, and one mare; and two brown mares —in all, fifty-three: and belonging to the Duke of Cambridge, three black geldings, one brown mare, one grey ditto, one brown Turkish stallion, and one brown gelding—in all, seven. These horses having been six weeks on board ship, were landed very much out of condition. Another vessel with the remainder on board, put into Hull. These, we believe, have all arrived in town, and since been sent to the neighbourhood of Windsor.

A letter from Egham, dated October 7th, says—"Monday last, his Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, and his usual attendants, rode twice through this place, to meet his stud, lately landed from Hanover. Their Royal Highnesses wore what is termed the Windsor uniform, but his Majesty was dressed in dark blue: he appeared in very good health and spirits, and conversed cheerfully with the Master of the Horse, and his attendants, whom he accompanied with the horses to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, and seemed to testify the most lively satisfaction, that he had even been fortunate enough to save his animals from the fangs of an enemy, who are alike destitute of humanity both to the human and brute species.

Horse Stealing.—At Union Hall, lately, W. and R. Humberston, horse-stealers, who had been acquitted at the last Old Bailey Session, for horse-stealing, in consequence of an error in the *venue*, were charged with similar offences in Surry and Kent. Three horses were produced, which were sworn to; the owners of which were bound over to prosecute.

Cruelty to animals.—William Kinsman, a butcher of Newington Butts, was lately brought before Messrs. Fournier and Evance, Magistrates of the Police Office, Union Hall, upon a prosecution of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for acts of great barbarism towards some sheep. The offence being clearly proved, he was convicted in the full penalty and costs, and received from the Magistrates a severe but just reprimand for his brutal conduct. We are happy to observe the Society turning its attention to offences of this nature, and trust that the names of persons convicted will in future, as suggested by the Magistrates upon this occasion, be held up to public reprobation. The sheep above mentioned being Kinsman's own property, we are glad of this opportunity to correct a mistaken notion which has gone abroad, namely, that men have a right to maltreat or abuse their own cattle, and are punishable only when they belong to their employers.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PARODY OF THE SOLILOQUY IN HAMLET.

BONAPARTE *Solus.*

T' Invade or not to invade? that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for the mind to suffer
The stings of envy, and of foil'd ambition,
Or to take arms against a host of Britons;
And, by opposing, end them.—T'invade, to fight—
No more: and by a fight, to say, we end
Our warfare, and a thousand British taunts
That France submits to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. T'invade, to fight—
To fight, perchance to fall: Aye, there's the rub;
For in that fight what hearts of oak may strike,
When we have shuffled off our ships from port,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That makes our armaments of so short life:
For who would bear the jests and laughs of the Isle,
The people's scorn, the press's contumely,
The pangs of prolong'd war, the cannon's roar,
The insolence of conq'rors, and the spurns
That vanquish'd France so oft of England takes,
When we ourselves might our quietus make,
By an evasion. Who would capture bear
And strike his colours to a Nelson's arm,
But that the dread of something on those shores—
That yet unconquer'd country, from whose bourn
No enemy returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather keep those powers we have,
Than strive for others that we know not of.
Thus Britons do make cowards of us all;
And thus th' ambitious views of an invasion
Are set at nought by one resisting Isle;
And enterprizes of invading armies
With this regard their gun-boats turn aside,
And lose the name of action.

THE SOLDIERS.

"TO catch the manners living as they rise,"
Hath mark'd the conduct of the great and wise.
For this the Painter's pencil, Poet's pen,
Have fearless held the mirror up to men;
Folly and Vice, with ready hand have shewn,
Nor spar'd Corruption e'en upon a throne.

Thus much premis'd, our Soldiers we'll produce,
And bring the contrast forth for real use.

Equipp'd *partout en militaire,*
And free from tax, with powder'd hair,
Behold, with fierce cockade, and fiercer stride,
A gallant Captain, of the Mall the pride,
With glitt'ring sword, well fasten'd to his side;
A sword, contriv'd for honour, and for shew—
One that disdains to touch the common crew:
For, lo! its wearer sickens at the sight
Of blood, and hateth much the beastly fight:
As good as new it is, and bright as glass,
And polish'd like the candlesticks of brass,
Which oft on mantle-piece, in brilliant row,
Are plac'd, not half so much for use, as shew.

With look important, and, like pert jack-daw,
When busily he hops from straw to straw,
Our hero see, with feather waving high,
The silly chat of coffee-house supply;
With martial oath each boy and waiter greet,
And strolling girls, and aged watchmen beat.

In balls and powder he takes much delight—
I mean not balls and powder us'd in fight;
But the gay dance, where scented beau and belle,
In antic sports, and graceful move excel:
Here, all his warlike trappings meet the view,
And quite the little heart of little Miss subdue.
Constant behold him at the Park, and Play,
His pretty form, and prettier dress display;
And through the Mall, link'd arm in arm, parade
With some pert fribbling brother of the trade;
There, loud they laugh, and grin, and louder swear,
And skip, and strut, and ogle, lisp and stare.

Oppos'd to such, the real Soldier see,
From affectation, and false splendour free;
Inur'd to toil, true courage marks the man,
He knows with force to combat, skill to plan;
He knows each tactic, each manœuvre knows,
When to retreat aright, when to oppose;
Tranquil in danger, cool amid the jar
Of troubled interests, and the rage of war;
Expert in council, ardent in the field;
In danger ready still the sword to wield.
Each fond affection vibrates through his heart;
The friend's, the father's, and the husband's part.
Endearing, and endear'd, his mind sustains;
He lives alone to mitigate their pains;
To double all their happiness, and prove,
That manly, val'rous souls, are form'd for love.

Above each party view, and trivial aim,
With conduct brave, consistent, and the same,
He goes through life, in war, in peace approv'd,
And dies lamented, honour'd, and belov'd.

THE MOCK PATRIOT'S SOLILOQUY.

A Parody from Shakespeare.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer, by our wise governors;
And all the fears that lower'd upon our land,
In the deep bosom of their counsels buried;
Black treason's brow aw'd by restraining laws;
Invasion baffled by preventive measures;
Conventions now are chang'd to loyal meetings;
And tumults crush'd by armed Volunteers.
Defensive war has call'd out the Militia;
And now, instead of mounting guard at home,

Idly

Idly parading in the market-place,
To the untired gazing of the ladies,
They nimbly march to line the sea-girt coast,
And fright the souls of pale-faced, fearful Frenchmen:
And I that am not form'd for martial feats,
Nor made to court the smiling looks of Kings;
I, that do fawn upon the people's majesty
In Common-Hall, with all their state about them;
That would curtail it of its fair proportion;
Making the Parliament one great equality;
Debauch'd, unprincipled, yet somehow sent
Into the House, a gentleman made up,
And that in such a questionable shape,
Door-keepers wink when I strut by them:
Yet, in this new unbounded rage of loyalty,
I've no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to thwart some plan of government,
And descant on mine own audacity.
And therefore, since I ne'er shall get a place,
To entertain some money'd men, my dupes,
I am determin'd to appear a patriot.
Plots now are laid, instructions cautelous,
From dreams, dark prophecies, alarming hand-bills!
To warp those hearts of oak, brave English tars,
And the King's valiant troops, to mutiny;
And if yon delegate, be just and firm,
As his employer's false and treacherous,
This day the Thames should closely be mew'd up.
Upon my life they find—and who cannot?—
Myself to be a marvellous great Orator;
A hardier, yet more supple tool of mischief,
Fram'd in the whole duplicity of art;
Loud, petulant, and then, no doubt, right witty;
The desperate party cannot again afford.
Indulge I will the bottle, dice, and lass,
And take in tradesmen—tailors by the dozen,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with the Demos,
They shall maintain me at no little cost.
But first I'll turn a certain speech to mock—
And then return triumphant to the club.

October 12th. J. J. B.

THE COTTAGE.

IN many a novel I have seen,
And learn'd from many a grave romance,
That rustics on the meadows green
Forever laugh and sing and dance.

The Poets too confirm the tale,
The country's charms with rapture trace;
Their gay descriptions never fail
In Sylvan scenes true joy to place.

When our great bards describe a grove,
The nightingales for ever sing,
Their warbling notes are tun'd to love,
With love the echoing woodlands ring.

Their garden too displays its charms;
Soft murm'ring streams, and rosy bow'rs;
Where, free from care and all alarms,
Fond shepherd-lovers pass their hours.

Their cottage lifts its humble head
'Midst rural landscapes, flow'ry fields;
The feast of joy is ever spread,
And pure delight the country yields.

Their handsome, gay, accomplish'd swains,
With merry pipe or flute so sweet,
Pour melting music o'er the plains,
Their raptur'd fair one's ears to greet.

Their nymphs adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Of simple nature, void of art;
The lovely blush which paints their face,
With pow'r resistless wins the heart.

I left the town for joys like these,
'Midst rural scenes fix'd my abode:
My farm was planted well with trees,
And round my cot a streamlet flow'd.

I sally'd forth in pensive mood,
To hear the feather'd songster's notes:
No songster warbled in the wood,
But rooks and ravens strain'd their throats.

By

By moon-light next I went to hear
The plaintive song of Philomel:
No Philomela glads my ear;
I heard the dismal screech-owl's yell.

A jack-ass then began to bray,
Most odious discords fill'd the plain:
Quick from the scene I haste away;
Such rural music gives me pain.

Returning homeward by my brook,
Again I disappointment found:
In vain for silver trout I look,
Where only eels and frogs abound.

All night the watchful mastiff howls;
My rest's disturb'd by grunting swine:
While ducks and turkeys, geese and owls,
In serenading concert join.

And is it then on joys like these
That fancy fondly loves to dwell?
Let Poets take them, if they please;
The joys of town please me as well.

The swarthy maid's a country belle,
The shepherd swain's an errant clown:
Clowns, milk-maids, turkeys, pigs, fare-well;
I fly from you, and seek the town.

LINGO DRAWN FOR THE MILITIA.

NUNQUAM audivi, such terrible news
As at this present *tempus* my senses confuse:
I'm drawn for a *miles*—I must go *cum marte*,
And, *comminus ense*, engage Bonaparte.

Such *tempora nunquam videbant majores*,
For then their opponents had different *mores*:
But we will soon prove to the Corsican vaunter,
Tho' times may be chang'd—Britons never *mutantur*.

Me Hercle! this Consul *non potest* be quiet,
His word must be *Lex*—and when he says *Fiat*,
Quasi Deus, he thinks, we must run at his nod:
But Britons were ne'er good at running by G——.

Per Mare, I rather am led to *opine*,
To meet British *Naves* he would not incline;
Lest he should *in mare profundum* be drown'd,
Et cum alga non Lauro his *caput* be crown'd.

But allow that this boaster in Britain could land,
Multis cum aliis at his command:—
Here's lads who will meet, aye, and properly work him,
And a hundred to one but they send him in *orcum*.

Nunc, let us, *amici*, join *manus et cordes*,
And use well the *vires Di Boni* afford us.
Then let nations combine—Britain never can fall,
She's *multum in parvo*—a match for them all.
A. B.

ON HUNTING.

OCTOBER, hail to thy melodious morn!
Thy gale bears music on its fragrant wings:
Hark! to the wind the hound his rapture flings,
And the glad huntsman sounds his cheerful horn:
The poor hare rues the day that she was born;
Tidings of death to her the chorus brings,
For the vale echoes, and the forest rings,
And fast behind the hunter band are borne.
Onward they come: o'er every barrier fly;
Pour down the hill; and skim along the plain;
Then up the steep again are tost on high;
Nor fear can stop, nor precipice restrain:
For courage, vigorous health, and jollity,
And manly strength by exercise they gain.